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A Child-Wife's Crime;

Or, A HUSBAND'S JEALOUSY

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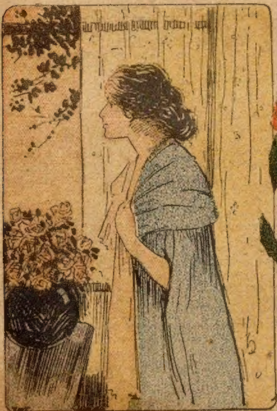

WATCHING HIM FROM THE UPPER WINDOWS

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CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING.

FOR years the villa had remained uninhabited. An old caretaker from the village looked after the garden and saw that the mischievous boys of the neighborhood did not damage the property, but even he did not sleep there, returning every night to his own home in Lakeside. It stood isolated from the other houses in a thick grove of orange and lemon trees on the top of a knoll overlooking the rest of the village. The story about the place was that some years before its owner had killed himself there in a fit of temporary insanity, brought on by the unexpected death of his young wife whom he worshiped. The property had been transferred with the rest of the estate to some distant relative in the East, who after vainly trying to sell it, had practically given it up, simply paying the taxes and a few dollars a month to old Markin to look after it.

One hot afternoon, as Markin was resting under a tree after eating his noonday lunch, a man rode up to the gate and called out to him: "Eh, there, old man, can you tell me whether this place is for rent or only for sale?"

The question brought Markin to his feet, so startled was he, and advancing to the gate to get a better look at the questioner's face, he answered: "Yes, sir; it is for rent or sale, and has been since the late Mr. Whitford killed himself here."

"Have you charge of renting it?" was the next question of the stranger.

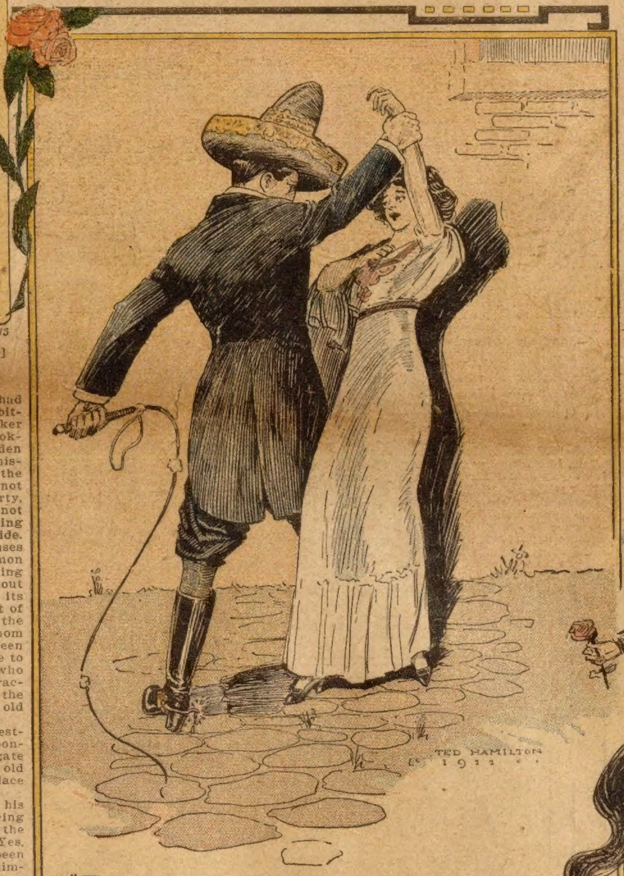
He was a handsome man, though he had not what one would call a pleasing face. The mouth was hard and set, showing sharp white teeth when he spoke, the tiny black mustache which shadowed the upper lip hiding neither the vivid scarlet of the lip nor the milky whiteness of the teeth. The eyes of piercing black had a cruel glitter in their somber depths; as for the rest, the faultless cut of his riding clothes, the richness of saddle and bridle, together with the thoroughbred steed he was riding, indicated the man of wealth, while the slight foreign accent, which was barely noticeable in his speech, showed that he was not a native-born American, though he spoke the language perfectly.

"No, sir," answered Markin, having taken in all these retails at a glance. "Mr. Wilson, of the firm of Wilson & Wendall of San Diego, looks after that, and I assure you he isn't kept busy with this one particular house. Nobody seems to want it because of the tragedy, you know," added the caretaker, not wishing to lose his job, and therefore doing all he could to discourage the would-be tenant.

"Have you the keys or must I go to San Diego to get them? I want to see the house."

"I can show it to you, but you will have to do business with Mr. Wilson."

The stranger had dismounted, and tying his horse, entered the garden, looking around him with a critical glance.



"TELL ME HIS NAME!"

"Show me the house," he ordered, with the air of a man used to command.

Markin obeyed, somewhat worried for fear the newcomer might like the place, thereby throwing him out of an easy job, for with no one to watch him, the old man had been paid for many a delicious nap beneath the trees. As he opened the door, he asked anxiously. "Do you intend buying, or do you only wish to rent, sir?"

"I don't know. I simply want to see the place, for the present," answered the stranger shortly.

Markin showed the house, being careful to point out every defect, showing the room where the former owned had killed himself, going over the story of the tragedy with many details. To all of which the stranger did not answer, having guessed the old man's object. When they were through the inspection, the man handed a Mexican dollar to the caretaker, saying, "I will see Mr. Wilson." Then he rode away without having said whether he liked the house or not.

The next day Mr. Wilson came up from San Diego to give Markin orders to have the villa and grounds in order for the end of the week, as the new tenants were to take possession the coming Saturday. The news which soon spread throughout Lakeside caused quite a stir, and the inhabitants settled down in anxious waiting to see who could be the daring people who were willing to live in a house with such an unpleasant history. All Mr. Wilson had told Markin was that the new tenant was called Miguel Lopez, and that he was coming with his young wife and two servants. Markin was to meet them at the Saturday evening train with a wagon to carry the luggage.

Lopez and his wife, together with an old Mexican woman, arrived at the appointed time, but those who had come to the station with the intention of seeing the future lady of the villa were disappointed, for she wore a heavy veil, in spite of the oppressive heat. From the slenderness of the girlish figure and the youthfulness of the walk, it was easy to see that she was young. Lopez superintended the loading of the trunks, after which he returned to the waiting women, saying:

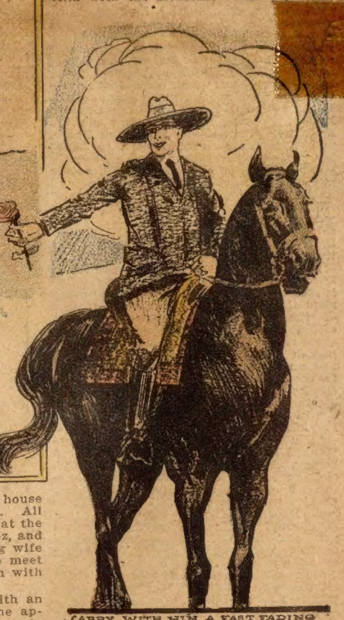
"Come, Dolores, we will walk to the villa." Then in Spanish to the serving woman, he added, "Ride with the luggage, Ramona."

That was all the curious who had come to the station in the hope of seeing or hearing something were able to gather. The next day, a young Mexican of Lopez' age arrived with two saddle ponies and a thoroughbred driving horse harnessed to an elegant trap.

It was evident that the newcomers were very wealthy. Within two weeks the villagers were able to say they were exclusive as well, for though several of the ladies had taken upon themselves to call on Mrs. Lopez, they had all been met with the announcement that Mrs. Lopez was not at home to visitors, Don Lopez adding that his wife had come to Lakeside for rest, and would not be able to make social acquaintances. With the doors of the villa thus closed upon them, the inhabitants became all the more curious, so that each and every movement of the newcomers was watched and commented upon.

Every evening husband and wife went out for a ride, driven by the Mexican who had brought the horses, and occasionally in the morning they went out together on horseback, the young woman's face being always covered with a heavy veil. Once in a while a passer-by would catch a glimpse of her in the garden as she was working among the flowers, and those who saw her thus were ready to affirm that she was a remarkable beauty, though very sad. All of these things kept interest and curosity keyed to the highest pitch, until the villa became the most watched house in the village, every one being eager to see or hear something which had escaped the notice of the others.

This continued for a month; then one evening Don Lopez was driven to the station where he took the train for San Diego, the young woman returning to the villa with the Mexican. This departure naturally created quite a stir, the inhabitants wondering whether it would in any way change the wife's way of living. It did not, except that she did not go out for the morning horseback rides, contenting herself with a long drive in the cool evening, the Mexican always acting as driver. Another change was that she spent more time in the garden, and on several occasions she had been seen standing at the gate, looking up the dusty road with sad, wistful eyes filled with longing, putting one in mind of a captive bird looking out through the bars of his cage. A week later the "Don," as he was called in the village, returned, and life at the villa continued the same



CARRY WITH HIM A FAST FADING ROSE.

as before. The program was renewed.

The following month Lopez was again absent, returning a week later. It was evident something called him away at stated intervals. What that something was nobody was able to find out, though many would have given much to know. This continued throughout the summer months, which that year were unusually hot and dry. With the fall rains everything freshened up, and dormant nature seemed to awaken once more, breaking into bloom and verdure.

It was the week before Christmas, when Don Lopez announced to his wife one morning: "I leave you tonight, Dolores, an may be gone two weeks this time. There seems to be trouble at the mines, and talk of a strike. I may be needed."

She looked up at him timidly. It was evident she was afraid of her husband, and was in the habit of accepting his wishes without comment. This time, however, she found courage to ask: "Then you will not be home to take me to mass Christmas?"

"No," he answered, without seeming to note her evident disappointment, "but you can go with Ramona. Pedro can drive you both to San Diego. You can take dinner at the hotel, returning home in the evening."

The young woman's eyes sparkled in sudden joy. One day of freedom, one day away from the dull monotony of her colorless existence! The next minute, however, she had repressed the light in her eyes, fearing that the despotic tyrant to whom she belonged would deny her the pleasure, if he but guessed how she would enjoy it. So, with lowered head, she answered:

"I shall do as you wish, Miguel, only I would have been so glad had you been with me for the holy feast."

"My absence is unavoidable. I will be back as soon as possible," answered Don Lopez, with a softening in his voice, the flash of joy in Dolores' eye having escaped him.

He made as though to leave the room, but returning seized Dolores in his arms and kissed her with fierce passion. Dolores gave an involuntary shiver of repulsion, though she said nothing, accepting his caress with submission, but without response. He felt the shudder, and hot anger surged through his heart as he pushed her rudely from him, muttering a fierce Spanish oath. He walked from the room and went to the kitchen, where he found old Ramona, to whom he said with stern authority:

"Ramona, remember you and Pedro are responsible to me for Dolores. When she goes to San Diego, Christmas, watch her constantly and report to me. She must not be out of your sight one minute, either here or there?"

The old woman nodded, looking at the speaker with the devotion of a dog. It was easy to see that she was devoted to the master, heart and soul. There was nothing he could command she would not obey. She was a repulsive-looking hag—brown, wrinkled, and toothless—the eyes alone speaking of vigor and life. Her devotion to Lopez was natural, since he was almost a son to her, for she had nursed him in babyhood, her son Pedro, who acted as general servant to Lopez being his foster brother.

"Have no fear, amico," she said, as she gazed at him in admiration. "Pedro and I will look after her while you are gone."

He left the room, and the old woman went about her work, muttering to herself: "The ungrateful minx! Not to love! He's too good for her, that's what's the matter."

Before daylight on Christmas morning Dolores was up, dressing, taking a childish delight with her toilet, not having slept the night before in the anticipation of the day's outing. When Ramona called her down to breakfast, she was quite ready, looking unusually sweet and girlish in her holiday finery. The old woman cast an angry look at her, taking in the details of the toilet and flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes. After serving her in moody silence, Ramona returned to the kitchen, where Pedro was having his breakfast.

"You ought to see her today," she remarked in anger. "She's dressed like a bride waiting for the groom. As though she could not do the same for the master. I suppose she thinks the young gentlemen of the city will pay court to her. Poor Miguel!"

"There is little danger of that when you are around, mater. Don Miguel needn't worry when you're watching over his property," laughed her son.

"It is a good thing I do, for you would let her fool you with her soft, gentle ways. Let me tell you, when a woman doesn't love her husband, she bears watching. She is ready to love some one else."

Pedro made no further comment, knowing how his mother felt about the indifference of the young wife for the master, though to do him justice, he felt that Dolores was not wholly to blame, since Miguel's harshness, his constant scenes of jealousy and suspicion, were enough to kill any woman's love.

The ride to San Diego was full of enjoyment for Dolores, in spite of the fact that Ramona sat stern and angry by her side, watching with jealous eyes the young woman's evident happiness. They attended mass, then went to the hotel for dinner, as Miguel had said they could. During the ride, and even for the service at the church, Dolores had kept on her veil, as she knew that the old servant was spying upon her, noting all her actions, and she feared one of the scenes of jealousy which always followed any act of independence on her part; for Miguel, in whom jealousy had almost taken the form of insanity would not even allow another man to gaze on his wife's face for fear he might learn to love her, and always insisted on her wearing a veil when in public. She had submitted because she was afraid to object. In the hotel diningroom, however, she was forced to remove her veil while eating, thus revealing to the other guests the fair, sad beauty of her interesting face.

Ramona and Pedro were seated at a near-by table, Miguel insisting that in spite of their close affection for him they always keep their places as servants. Ramona was not slow to notice the wave of admiration which went through the crowded diningroom when Dolores removed her veil. One man, more impressed than the others, rose from his place and took a seat at another table directly in front of the young woman.

He was a fine-looking young fellow of some twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, clean, wholesome, frank, with big blue eyes that looked straight into yours, a tawny mass of hair which curled in natural ringlets above the white brow, the whiteness of which contrasted strangely with the tan of the rest of the face, brought on by long exposure to the sun. He wore with a certain elegance the regulation costume of the gentleman stockman, riding boots and flannel shirt.

From the second he caught sight of Dolores, his eyes did not leave her, drinking in with unconscious admiration every detail of the beautiful face, noting the evident sadness of the drooping mouth and the half-frightened expression of the eye, which having once encountered his, had remained downcast, with once in a while a slight upward glance, then a rapid lowering of the lids as she became aware of the ardent gaze still fixed upon her. He was not conscious that he was rude; he looked in spite of himself, unable to turn away his eyes from that charming face, the first which had ever made such an impression upon him. It was evidently the workings of Fate which had brought Ed Taylor to San Diego that day, and had caused him to stop at this one hotel.

This by-play had not escaped old Ramona, and she had communicated her displeasure to her son, who had answered that he did not see how Dolores was to blame, since she had done nothing to attract the stranger's attention. In spite of this, the meal over, Ramona insisted on returning to Lakeside much to Dolores' disappointment, she having expected to remain the whole day in the city. Still, she dared not cross her husband's old nurse, knowing by experience that she would pay dearly for it upon Miguel's return.

Pedro, therefore, was sent for the carriage, into which the two women entered, and then he drove away. Taylor watched them depart with a sinking sensation in the region of the heart, for which he could in no way account. "Was he never to see her again?" he wondered. The next minute his mind was made up; he would at least know who the woman was. His horse stood ready saddled before the hotel. In one leap he was in the saddle, following at a safe distance the carriage, which was making rapidly for Lakeside.

CHAPTER II.
THE INTERVIEW.

Once or twice during the drive home, Dolores had turned around, and always seeing the same horseman following them from a distance, the thought had come to her that the stranger of the hotel, who had so persistently looked at her during the dinner, was now trying to know her address. When she became thoroughly convinced that it was he, she ceased looking around, fearing to arouse the suspicions of old Ramona, who in turn would arouse all the demons of Miguel's unreasoning jealousy. She did not fear for herself so much as she did for the stranger, knowing well the man's brutal passion would always spare her life, though he might crush her very soul. It would be otherwise with the man who would dare cast even a second glance upon her—his property. So fearful, anxious, and oppressed Dolores held her peace. Reaching the villa, she hurried to her room, the front windows of which opened on the road, and there behind the curtains she waited until the horseman went by. She was not mistaken; it was indeed the stranger of San Diego who had followed her home. More anxious than ever, yet pleased in spite of herself, she watched him go by, turning his head often in the hope of catching a glimpse of her, little dreaming that she was watching him from the upper windows of the cozy villa.

Reaching the Lakeside Inn, Taylor, after putting up his horse and taking a room, hastened to make inquiries about the inhabitants of the villa. He very soon had the whole story, as far as the villagers knew it. So she was a married woman, after all, in spite of her youth, for she scarcely looked eighteen! Taylor was keenly disappointed, and had not his horse been too tired, he would have started for home that very night. As it was, he stayed, and by staying changed the whole course of his life.

When morning came, after a night haunted by visions of velvety black eyes and rosy mouths drooping sadly at the corners—indicating unhappiness—he no longer had the inclination to leave Lakeside. He wanted to see the haunting face again, he wanted to be sure that she was indeed the lady of the villa, and not some guest, who, in that case might be unmarried and free. For the next three days he passed and repassed the villa, sometimes on horseback, sometimes afoot, but he was not once rewarded by even a glimpse of Dolores. She saw him, however, every time he passed, and her terror increased. Ramona or Pedro would soon notice him; then they would watch, they would understand it was for her the stranger passed, and Miguel on his return would be told. She feared to think further, her heart ceasing its beatings. What she dreaded happened. Ramona noticed the stranger, soon guessing why he passed so often. One evening as Dolores was in the garden, she happened to go by the open kitchen window as the old woman was saying to her son:

"That man we saw at the hotel in San Diego passed the house four times this afternoon."

"So I noticed," answered Pedro.

"What do you think of it?" his mother had asked.

"Oh, I think that when the master returns he will soon cease passing; that is, if the master happens to notice him," laughed Pedro, as he carelessly rolled a cigarette.

"I will see that he does notice," Ramona replied with an angry flash of the eye.

That night Dolores did not sleep, thinking over what she had heard, worrying over what she must do, finally coming to the conclusion that she must warn the stranger before Miguel's return. Therefore, the next morning, in spite of her terror of Ramona and her son, she went down to the garden and began working among the flowers near the gate, anxiously watching for the stranger's coming.

Taylor had determined that if he did not see the young woman that day, he would find some excuse for entering the grounds and try to see her or at least speak to one of the servants and try to get the information he wanted by the free use of money. He was figuring what he would do, when he gave a start of joyous surprise as he caught sight of Dolores among the roses of the hedge which bordered the street. She went white to the very lips when she saw him, her courage failing her. What right had she to address this man? What would she say to him when she did speak? A like feeling of timidity stole over Taylor, and though he had determined on meeting the young woman, he now feared to accost her, so he walked on without pausing.

A few hundreds yards farther on, however, he became angry with himself at what he considered his lack of decision, so he retraced his steps. What he wanted to know was whether the girl was married, as the people at the village claimed. If she was, he was not a man to try to ruin another man's home, and he would leave never to return, but his growing love would not allow him to depart without being sure that he was not leaving happiness behind him. With sudden resolution he walked back toward the villa. Dolores was still among the roses, more miserable, more worried than ever, wondering how she could warn the stranger without putting herself in a false light in his eyes. He came up to the gate, and lifting his hat, asked:

"Madame, could I trouble you for a drink of water. The heat seems to have affected my head, and I am feeling faint."

The fact was that the day was delightfully cool and balmy, with even a hint of coming rain, and his excuse was very lame indeed, but it was the best he could think of, and he decided to take chances on its being believed. Dolores saw through the scheme, but as it gave her the opportunity she longed for she did not seem surprised, answering: "I will have the servant bring you a drink." Then she called, "Ramona! Ramona!"

Taylor entered the gate, looking about him eagerly. The old Mexican woman appeared at the doorway, a sudden angry frown contracting her brow on seeing her mistress with the stranger. Dolores saw the frown, but did not heed it, saying: "Ramona, please bring a glass of water to the senor; he is feeling faint."

Ramona did not at once obey, remaining in the doorway looking at the two beside the gate. Dolores, forgetting her fear of her husband's foster mother in her greater dread of what Miguel might do on his return, said with a show of authority she had never dared to use before. "Ramona, I have spoken, and I wish to be obeyed."

Surprised, yet subdued by the tones of sudden and unexpected authority, Ramona entered the house to get the water. The minute she was gone, Dolores, with a face one moment crimson with embarrassment and the next pale with emotion, turned to Taylor, saying hurriedly: "Senor, you must not do that any more. There is danger both for you and for me."

"Do what?" asked Taylor, feigning innocence.

"It is useless for you to pretend ignorance and try to deny that you have been watching me for the last few days—since you saw me in San Diego, in fact. I have not the right to receive your attentions, sir, for I am a married woman, and what is more my husband is so insanely jealous that upon the least suspicion he would kill you without hesitation."

She spoke so fast he could not interrupt. When she was finally forced to pause for breath, he broke in regretfully: "Then it is true, you are indeed the lady of the villa—you are Mrs. Lopez?"

"Yes, senor, and I implore you not to make me any trouble. I am afraid of my husband's jealously, and do not know what he might do if once it was aroused through any seemingly real cause."

"In that case, madam, I will not intrude further upon you," replied Taylor with a bow, as he gazed with sorrowful admiration upon the beautiful woman, who, now that he knew she belonged to another, appeared all the more desirable, all the more lovable.

"Thank you," she murmured, moved by his evident disappointment.

In one hand she held a rose which she had been cutting from the hedge. He saw it quiver as her hand trembled with emotion. Suddenly a mad desire to possess that flower surged over him, and he said almost before he thought: "I leave you at once, madam, never to return, but in parting I ask for one favor."

DURING THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

KEEP OUT
NO
DON'T OPEN THIS DOOR

"What is it?" she asked, almost frightened.

"Give me the rose you are holding."

"This rose?"

"Yes."

Dolores hesitated, then realizing that he was asking for so little, she handed him the flower just as old Ramona was coming out of the house with the water. The old woman paused in sudden anger and waited, wishing to see the end of the scene, the meaning of which she naturally misconstrued. Taylor took the flower, saying, "Thank you," and lifting his hat, he added regretfully, "good-by."

Dolores watched him until he had disappeared down the hill on his way to the village, then she turned to go back to the house. Ramona, an evil light in her beady eyes, was standing back of her with the pitcher and a glass. A sudden terror seized the young woman as she realized what report the old woman could make to Miguel of her innocent interview with Taylor. Stammering some excuse, she made hastily toward the house, leaving the old servant more convinced than ever that the young mistress had had some understanding with the handsome stranger.

That night Taylor left Lakeside, carrying with him a fast-fading rose, but a never-fading remembrance of a darkly beautiful face, in the velvety eyes of which his soul seemed to have encountered the sister soul of his earthly mate.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN.

The week which followed was one of unrest and uneasiness for Dolores. In the first place she dreaded her husband's return, knowing well that old Ramona would tell him what she had seen, and that his insane jealousy would put a wrong construction on her purely innocent act. Besides, the stranger's face haunted her memory. He was so manly and kind, so different from Miguel, who never considered her feelings, crushing her spirit in trying to win her heart. Wherever she went, waking or sleeping, the haunting memory followed her, filling her with unrest, causing her to wonder what had become of him since she had so relentlessly put him out of her life. She was more lonely than ever, missing the sight of his face as he passed the villa, looking up toward the house in the hope of seeing her.

But as the day for Miguel's return drew nearer, the remembrance of the stranger paled into insignificance before her terror of her returning lord and master, who, she knew, would make her pay dearly for her innocent part in the romance which had touched her life during his absence. He arrived in the dusk of evening, driven from the station by Pedro. From her window she saw his face in the fast-fading light of the rapidly descending twilight, and with a sinking heart she read from its angry pallor and sternly set mouth that Pedro had already told him something.

Ramona met him in the yard, and Dolores tremblingly watched them talking together, the old hag emphasizing with many gestures and angry flashes of her beady eyes the story she was telling, Miguel's face becoming darker and crueler as she proceeded. Too frightened to move Dolores did not dare descend, though she fully realized that her not going to greet her husband would appear as though she feared to face him. Suddenly she started with increasing terror as Miguel's voice came up to her from the yard below, calling her name in tones of repressed anger: "Dolores! Dolores!"

"I am coming, Miguel," she answered, used to obey his orders without question. She walked to the door of her room, then hesitating, returned to her dresser, drew a small dagger from one of the drawers, and concealed it in the bodice of her dress. For once her overpowering fear of the demon who had legal rights over her had caused her to take with her the means of defense from his abuse.

Her face was colorless when she reached the yard, where Miguel was waiting for her with folded arms, a terrible look in his eyes.

"Good evening, Miguel," her white lips tried to frame, but her husband did not let her finish the last word, as he spoke first to Pedro, then to Ramona.

"Pedro, saddle the black," he said. "You, Ramona, go into the house."

The two servants obeyed, while Dolores trembled with increasing fright, fearing the scene which was to follow. In her terror she instinctively felt in the bodice of her dress for the dagger, there being murder in Miguel's evilly glittering eyes. When the two servants were gone, the husband turned to the trembling woman with the words. "Tell me that man's name and where I can find him!"

"What do you mean?" she asked, her lips white, her throat dry, as a sudden fear for the safety of the innocent stranger surged over her terror for her personal safety.

"You know very well what I mean!" he hissed, his anger increasing with her evident fright. "I want the name of the man to whom you gave the rose, I want to know where he lives, that I may teach him a lesson he will not soon forget."

"Miguel," she pleaded vainly, "let me explain how it happened. Neither of us was to blame. I——"

"His name!" Lopez seized his wife rudely by the arm. "His name!" and the fingers crushed into the delicate flesh until she was ready to cry out in agony. "His name, I tell you!"

Suddenly Dolores rebelled. The sway of terror this man had exercised over her since she had come to him a child-bride of scarce thirteen, left her in the greater fear of the possible harm this madman's jealousy might cause. She tore herself from his cruel clasp, and standing before him with heaving bosom and flashing eyes, she answered: "I do not know his name, and even if I did I would not tell you!"

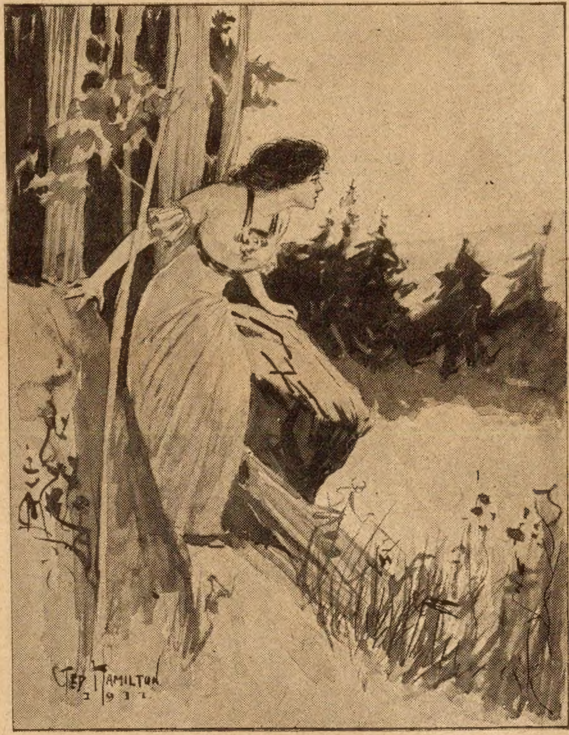
For a second complete amazement held Lopez silent, the next he hissed in sudden fury, seized with one of those blind rages which drive men insane, leaving them irresponsible for their acts.

"You lie!"

She made no answer, standing her ground bravely, for the first time facing him with courage, a courage born of her desperate needs. Her silence maddened him the more.

"You lie," he repeated, looking around him for some weapon. "You lie, and I will get the truth out of you, even if I must take your life, you miserable creature! Tell me his name!"

Still she did not answer, defying him in spite of her sinking heart. The man before her being so evidently out of his head, she felt she might expect no quarter from him. Pedro came out of the barn at this moment with the horse, leading the animal up to his angry master. In one hand he held the riding whip. Lopez saw it, and springing forward seized it, saying to Pedro: "Go to the house, and don't come out until I call you."



Still no sign of civilization.

The Mexican obeyed without comment; throwing the lines over the horse's head, he entered the house without once turning around. Lopez now turned to Dolores, who, having guessed his intention had placed her hand in the bodice of her dress, her Spanish pride in angry rebellion at the insult to which she knew he was going to subject her. He raised the whip above her head, saying in low, hoarse tones: "Now will you tell me his name?"

"Look out, Miguel!" she warned, her eyes flashing with sudden fire. "Don't strike me—I will not stand it!"

"Then tell me his name and where I can find him!"

"I told you once I did not know. Give me a chance to explain the whole affair, and you will see that I——"

She could say no more. The upraised whip descended on her shoulders with unerring aim. She leaped back, more hurt by the indignity of the blow than by the stinging pain it had caused.

"Coward!" she panted. Then, as he made toward her again with the uplifted whip, she retreated until she stood with her back against the wall of the house, saying: "Don't strike me again, or I——"

She did not finish her sentence, for he pulled her rudely forward, striking her once more with the riding whip. The rest happened in a second, a second in which Dolores did not really know what she was doing; for drawing the dagger she had concealed in her bosom before descending, she struck blindly, the sharp steel burying itself to the hilt in the man's bosom. He reeled backward, staggered a few steps, a smothered cry dying in his throat; then he fell to the ground like one dead. Dolores watched him in fascinated horror. For fully one minute she gazed thus motionless, too stunned to move, paralyzed as it were by the sudden realization of what she had done. The next she was kneeling beside him, calling in desperate terror:

"Miguel, speak! Open you eyes! I didn't mean to do it. You pushed me to it. Oh, Santa Maria, did I really kill him!"

Lopez did not move. From the hilt of the dagger, which still remained in the wound, a fine dark stream of blood was staining with crimson the white shirt. Then a mad fear seized Dolores. She had killed him, she would be arrested, sentenced to die; yet in her heart she knew she was innocent of wilful murder. Leaping to her feet, she looked around her. From the kitchen came the sound of Pedro's and Ramona's voices. They knew nothing of what had happened in the yard without. The horse, ready saddled, caught her eye. She seized the lines, leaped into the saddle, and rode madly away. All she thought of was to leave the scene of the crime far behind her.

She rode thus for hours, not knowing where she went and caring less, thinking only of escape, urging the horse on and on, faster and ever faster, finding in this mad flight a soothing excitement to her overwrought nerves. Suddenly she felt the animal quiver beneath her, he slackened his speed, staggered on ahead a few rods, then fell forward on his knees, giving her barely time, good horsewoman though she was, to leap to the ground before he rolled over dead. She had driven the noble horse to death.

Dolores returned to reality with a shock. It was broad daylight. She looked about her, having up to the present ridden blindly on. She was on a winding path in a forest of magnificent oaks, whose overspreading branches hid the light of day, making a delightful twilight even at noonday. Where was she? She could not tell. On leaving the villa she had allowed the horse to take his own course, content only to escape. Where had he taken her? How far was she from human habitation? These questions surged over her consciousness, while at the same time she realized that she was lost, with only a dead horse for companion. Another realization came to her—she was weak and hungry. For a minute the appalling hopelessness of the situation left her dazed and weak. This weakness did not last long, however, as she felt the desperate need of prompt action. The horse was dead; she must walk on without a moment's loss of time that she might reach some shelter before night. The path on which she found herself was well beaten enough to show her it was frequently used for travel. Resolutely she started out, in spite of the increasing weakness which lack of nourishment caused her. She walked for an hour, then the rapidly descending darkness told her that night was near. Still no sign of civilization, only that winding path among the trees. Her weakness was now increased by an almost overpowering fatigue, which caused her to drag herself wearily along. Night came, yet she walked on, too tired and weak even to be frightened by the silence and loneliness of the dark forest. All at once she stumbled against something—the dead horse! She had circled around through the trees, returning to the spot from which she had started. In the discouragement of the moment she sat down and wept. This relieved her overwrought nerves and cleared still more her benumbed brain. After a rest of an hour, she started out again, resolutely determined to find aid. Thus she walked on and on until she fell. Then, with one last prayer to Heaven, she gave up the struggle and fainted as another day was breaking in the skies.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

* * *

Hunting Up His Sign.

A writer in the New York Weekly tells the following story:

"One night as my friend P—— and myself, who were both students at Yale, were out taking a little run around the city, we found ourselves at rather a late hour of the night before the door of a well-known grocer named Snip.

"'Stop a moment,' said P——, turning and gazing at Snip's fancy sign that was swinging in the breeze.

"'What's up?' I asked, after he had eyed it for some time.

"'Nothing in particular, Bob,' said he. 'Just give me a hoist here and I'll fetch that picture down in double-quick time. That Snip is a scoundrel, for he presented my bill this morning, and when I refused to take it, he threatened to tell the tutor.'

"No sooner asked than received; the sign was down, and we were off in triumph. Suddenly a window was opened, and out popped the head of Snip, crying:

"'Bring that back, you infernal young villians! Bring that ere back—now mind, I tell yer.'

"No answer was returned, but a specimen of very speedy walking took place. We were soon in our room, with the door locked, and the glittering sign before us, for we had hung onto it like grim death. By the aid of an ax that chanced to be at hand, it was soon reduced to pieces remarkably adapted to our stove, into which it was disappearing as fast as time would permit. Ere it had passed from sight we were suddenly startled by the cautious tread of two persons apparently nearing our door. The steps of one we rightly recognized as those of the tutor, and the other we rightly conjectured belonged to the late proprietor of the relics around us.

"Here was a fix for us. Enough of the sign left to convict us, and no place in which to conceal it.

"Rap, rap, rap, was sounded on the door.

"I gave myself up to fate, and was about to unlock the door, when I was arrested by the voice of P——, exclaiming in the most solemn tones imaginable:

"'From everlasting to everlasting art Thou, oh, Lord of Hosts.'

"Turning round in astonishment, I beheld my friend on his knees praying.

"The outsiders were evidently astonished, as no further attack was made on the door. Snip's confidence as to the precise individuals was doubtless shaken in some degree. In the meantime I took the hint and went to piling in the remains of the sign with a vengeance.

"P—— spun on his prayer till the last fragment was reduced to ashes, and then raising his voice to a higher key, he finished off with this quotation:

"And oh, have mercy upon this wicked and vengeful generation, who go about seeking for a sign, but shall have no sign given them. A-m-e-n.'

"This last renewed the suspicion of the outsiders, and they repeated the knocking. We opened the door; they entered; and after a minute search in every corner, they gave it up, and decided that we were not the guilty ones. Still, I noticed as our victim disappeared, his last gaze turned most wistfully on our stove."

* * *

To Restrain "Bores."

A South African tribe has an effectual method of dealing with bores, which might be adopted by western peoples. This simple tribe considers long speeches injurious, both to the orator and his hearers; so to protect both there is an unwritten law that every public orator must stand on one leg only when he is addressing an audience. As soon as he has to place the other leg on the ground his oration is brought to a close.

MR. AND MRS. MOON

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S VOICE

By W. Bert Foster

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MRS. MOON, who, with all her amplitude of figure, seemed set on coiled springs when she moved, bounced again to the window and stretched her neck to see if Timothy was coming up the street.

There was a taste of spring in the air, and she looked across several pots of flowers on the fire-escape, rather puny now as the effect of a winter's incarceration in a Brooklyn flat. The sparkle of the March sunshine had tempted Mrs. Moon to trust them upon her half of the iron balcony which overshadowed the front door of the tenement.

When a tenant has occupied the second floor, east flat, of a six-tenement "cold-water" dwelling, for twenty consecutive years, he and his may be called fixtures. Mr. Timothy Moon and his good lady had brought up their children, Bob and "Jinny," at this same address, and had married them off, too, very well. Semi-occasionally, certain pudgy, staring-eyed babies were brought from distant parts of the greater city to visit "grandma." Mr. Timothy Moon, who had never been enamored of babies at the best, usually side-stepped these visits, now that he was working regularly on the lightering barge, Blue Blazes.

The Moons were a power in the tenement. They had paid the landlord's agent enough rental during the score of years of their occupancy, to reimburse him for the original cost of the house. And he had never to worry about the regularity of the Moons' payments, particularly since Timothy's receipt of the fat legacy from the old country, which was sufficient to make the couple independent for the balance of their lives.

Timothy was likewise of unwavering political faith, and owned a not inconsiderable following down at Riley's. His practical worth was recognized by his district leader, and what other lady on the block but his would have placed flower-pots upon a front fire-escape in defiance of the tenement-house law? The fat policeman, strolling past at the very moment Mrs. Moon looked out, bowed to her politely, without ever observing this infringement of a city ordinance!

The squat figure of Timothy, hesitating before an urchin on the corner who was industriously hawking the spoils of some early suburban gardens, was unobserved by the near-sighted lady. The wine of the dawning season had got into Timothy's vitals as well, and the budding lilacs somehow won him. Spring was coming, and the voice of the turtle-dove was heard in the land—or might have been heard had the accumulated noises of the city streets not drowned the creature's dulcet tones. Timothy would have admitted to himself that he was a "pretty old bird"; nevertheless he bought a bunch of lilacs for his sparring partner, and pursued his way.

The hour seemed propitious for conjugal joys, if ever such hour were born into the rather colorless existence of the Timothy Moons. Tim buried his reddened organ of smell in the fragrant blossoms as he approached the tenement; above, Mrs. Moon's wandering glance had returned to the flower-pots, and the declining rays of the sun shining warmly upon them showed her that the earth in which the plant-stalks stood was parched. She bustled back into her kitchen, filled a sprinkling-can that held about two quarts, and just as Timothy put his foot on the lower step from the sidewalk she tip-tilted the can over the thirsty plants.

Careful judgment and planning could have brought forth no more finished article of Trouble! The sprinkler saturated the soil, the saucers ran over dirty streams of water, and the sprinkler itself aided in the shower that descended upon the head and shoulders of Mr. Timothy Moon just as he reached the upper step of the tenement.

"What the ———!" He dodged in out of the brief downpour, and then squinted up to see from where the bath had fallen, his face grimed by the dirty water. "Mahala!" he gasped, when he appreciated the situation, and darted up the stairs, breathing dire vengeance.

"Oh, Timmie, is it you?" was the welcome of his spouse. "And are them lilacs for me? My, my! I do so love flowers—though I didn't know as you'd ever noticed it."

"Noticed it!" snorted Mr. Moon, who had flung the vestal branches on the center-table and was mopping his face vigorously. "Ain't your blamed old weeds always under foot? And now you've got to put 'em out the winder and water 'em just as a man's coming home to his supper."

"And I've got the loveliest supper for you, Timmie!" retorted Mrs. Moon, who never by any possibility could keep more than one idea in her head at a time, or follow more than one trail of thought in her mind. "Greens, with a piece of pork, and prune pie."

"Huh!" grunted Timothy. "Ain't you got no idea of variety, woman? Where's your memory? We've had greens and pork so often lately that I'd be disappointed—sort of shocked, as it were—if I sat down to a meal of vittles here that didn't embrace them two particular viands. Greens! I expect to see spinach sproutin' out of me face instead of whiskers every time I take me razor in hand. I expect grass is sproutin' in me stomach and the doctors will have to carve me up to find out what kind of green goods has overgrown and choked my digestive organs Huh!"

"Oh! and that reminds me," said the lady, her mind diverted to a new channel, "about the new doctor downstairs. The agent asked about him again today."

"He did, huh?" vouchsafed Timothy.

"Yes, Timmie."

"Didn't I tell Rubble that the Doc was all right? Good feller, the Doc."

"Mr. Rubble says he's two months behind," interjected Mrs. Moon.

"Pshaw! Rubble is a miser. What if the Doc is behind? All young sawbones is that way. They got to wait for patients like a terrier nosin' at a rat-hole. But the Doc is bound to come out on top. He knows his biz, the Doc does. He mixes as good a glass of grog as they can at Riley's."

Mrs. Moon might have inquired if grog-mixing was an important part of medical lore, but she did not go into the subject to that depth. Rather, she deplored the fact that the medical sprig who had rented the smaller flat directly under that occupied by the Moons, seemed to follow strangely Bohemian ways. He had moved in very little furniture, in the first place, and was that most-to-be-pitied biped, a man alone. He cooked for himself, and did his own ridding up of the flat; and sometimes he brought a company of riotous friends home with him, at unconscionable hours of the night, and cooked for them—kidneys, or rabbits, and the like—while the steadiest of the party made frequent visits to the saloon at the corner for beer, which was carried in a huge water-pitcher.

Then, the run of patients that visited the fledgling doctor did not add respectability to the neighborhood and the tenement. His own particular outside patients from the hospital dispensary came here—foreign women with sore-eyed babies, like sick kittens, in their arms, and an army of the embryo unwashed clinging to their skirts. And one night a man with delirium tremens came howling like a wolf to the door of the doctor's flat, and the whole neighborhood was aroused, the police called, and a patrol wagon and the reserves were forced to take the miserable wretch away.

Mrs. Moon never could forgive the doctor that delirium tremens case, and she harped upon it now. At once the Angel of Peace shrouded its face completely and flew out of the window. Mr. Timothy Moon left almost as abruptly when his supper was completed, deserting his wife in much the same condition as the sprinkling-pot which had greeted him at his home-coming.

The weather had changed. The spring day had melted into a raw evening, and there was the promise of frost before morning. Mr. Moon wended his usual way to Riley's, where he imbibed several hot rums in the course of the evening, to fortify himself against his cold return. But he postponed this last until Riley doused his bar lights and shut his front door for the night.

Timothy buttoned his coat over his square chest to meet the frosty air, and stumbled through the darkened streets toward home. In the middle of a particularly gloomy block, a burly figure suddenly loomed before him as though it had popped out of a cellar.

"Say, 'bo, got the time?" inquired a hoarse voice. "I gotter meet a pal down at the ferry at half-past one. Can I make it?"

Timothy, in a mellow mood and obliging, jerked open the buttons of his coat and dived for the watch he had bought when the legacy first came. It was none of your nickel watches, with a mainspring as long as the bow-hawser of a tea-ship. Timothy called it a "hummer" and wore it with a fine gold chain. When he had it in his hand, the fellow who had accosted him went through a most surprising athletic performance. His right wrist crossed Timothy's throat, threw the little man backward over his bent knee, and with his other hand the fellow ripped watch, chain, and all, from his victim's waistcoat.

"You ain't got no business with such a kettle, 'bo!" he declared, with a chuckle, and before Timothy sat down he was legging it along the block at a lumbering but rapid gait!

The loss of the watch was a secondary matter. The affront to Timothy's sense of decorum was great. He scrambled up and pursued the ruffian—pursued so vigorously that he overtook the thief at the corner. Timothy made no outcry; he called for no police assistance. Anyway, he knew that the officer on post at this hour was getting a "shin-roast" in the cellar of the bakery two blocks away.

The squatty little lighterman, who was built of sinew and bone, without an ounce of flesh he didn't need, saved his breath, therefore, and put that much additional force into the blow which caught the running thief on the neck. The man went down like a load of brick out of a dump-cart. He got up, only to be knocked flat again. The third time this happened to him he lay on his back, blinking wildly at his assailant through a haze of blood from his cut eyebrow, while the same uncompromising fluid ran in a stream from his mashed nose. Timothy's fist had the decisiveness of a pile-driver.

"You don't want that watch," grunted Mr. Moon, jerking it out of the fellow's pocket. Finding the timepiece still running, and evidently unharmed, he slipped it into his own pocket again, delivered a satisfying kick on the body of the prostrate man, and jogged off home without ado.

The incident warmed him, and he arrived cheerfully at his door. He chuckled to himself over the plight of the thief, even while he got into his nightshirt. When his wife suddenly rose up in the midst of the conjugal couch, making the springs cry out, and preferred a request, he complied with unruffled demeanor.

"Oh, Timmie! I forgot them poor plants. It's cold out, ain't it? Take 'em in from the fire-escape, will you, Timmie?"

"All right, old lady," he grunted, and waddled into the parlor and opened the window.

As he was taking in the forgotten pots he heard voices, and leaning out to look through the grating of the fire-escape, he saw two men at the foot of the steps. One was plainly supporting the other, and Timothy heard:

"Here y' are! Here's a doctor's shop, old man. Brace up till I ring the bell. Gad! but you're bleedin' like a stuck pig."

The two stumbled up the steps, and the doctor was summoned. Timothy, as the night air percolated his shirt and brought the goose-flesh out upon his nether limbs, craned his neck and recognized the bruised face of the fellow who had suffered at his hands for his temerity in snatching the watch.

"Huh!" he grunted, with a chuckle. "Job for the Doc. Hope he soaks him well for it. I ought to get a rake-off for bringing the Doc jobs like that."

He banged down the window and scurried to bed, shivering but still cheerful. The morning broke—a glorious but frosty Sabbath dawn. Mrs. Moon descended early for her husband's Sunday paper. She found a group of staring neighbors on the sidewalk, wondering if a murder had been committed on the steps of the tenement during the night. Every step was blotched with pools of congealed blood, and even the iron railing was smeared with it.

"It's disgraceful!" panted Mrs. Moon, bursting in upon her spouse with the story, while he was chiseling his way into his stiffly starched Sunday shirt. "That blood all over them steps and freezing, and a sight for the neighborhood and for everybody going to mass. That young man ought to be taught the decencies, he had! I wish you'd speak to him about it, Timothy."

Mr. Moon was another being in a boiled shirt. Clothed as became a man of his social caliber and bank account, he felt himself the arbiter of fate for the whole tenement. When fully dressed, including a stiff collar and flaming tie, creaking boots and a fancy silk vest, he descended majestically to the parlor floor and summoned the young doctor to his door.

"Doc," he said, with some sternness, "this won't never do in the world. This here step looks like there'd been a pig-sticking, and I expect ev'ry minute the cap'n will send 'round word that he wants to see me. I'm glad you got the job of sewing that feller up last night; but there ain't no manner o' need of your leaving the advertisement of your handiwork out here for the neighborhood to gape at. Get busy, will you?"

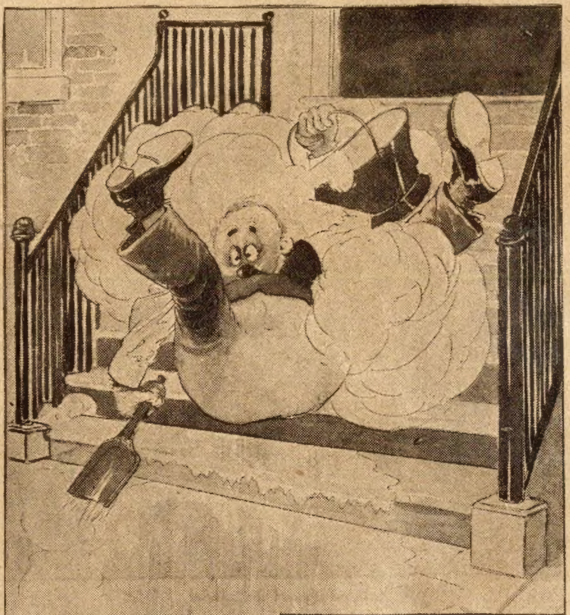
The doctor, without his collar and in a beflowered chamber robe, cast a deprecatory glance at the mess on the steps.

"I didn't know it was as bad as that, Mr. Moon," he said apologetically. "He did lose some of the ruby, didn't he? No wonder he downed the last half-pint of crude oil I had in the house. Humph! I'll fix it right up."

Never an objection to Mr. Moon's tone and words had the doctor. Timothy marched upstairs again, inflated with his own importance in the tenement. Who wouldn't have been, considering the circumstances? Besides, he was hugely satisfied to think how he had made that impudent ruffian pay for his temerity in trying to get away with his gold watch.

But the doctor was in a hurry. He was due at the hospital early, and he had risen late. He grabbed his kettle of shaving water, reappeared again on the frosty stoop in a moment, and proceeded to wash the blood spots off the stone and down upon the sidewalk, where it drained away into the gutter. Then he hustled into his garments and broke for the hospital before the water on steps and sidewalk had a chance to freeze.

That was brisk work, for the keen air quickly congealed the water, and a glare of ice covered all. A heavy gentleman in gaiters and a top hat, placed an incautious foot on the splotch of ice at the foot of the steps, and went through such



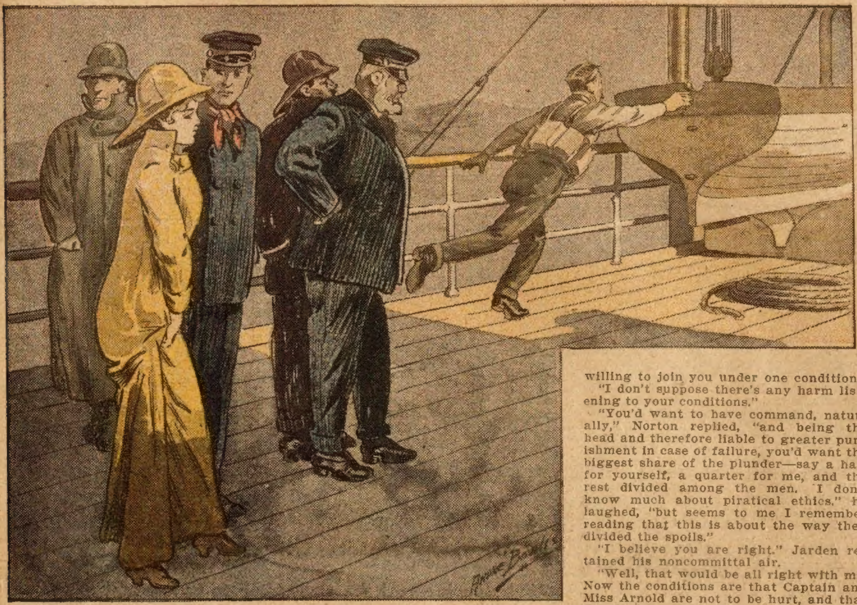
Winding up this remarkable exhibition by skating across the sidewalk.

(Continued on page eighteen.)

A Detective Pirate;

Or, LOVE AND ALASKAN GOLD

By Philip R. Kellar



He ran toward the boat.

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CHAPTER V.

NORTON'S small stateroom was dimly lighted when Jarden entered two hours later, and seemed stuffy to him, coming from the open air. He remarked about it, and Norton opened both the small windows, one opening on the side and the other aft, the room being at the end of the cabin.

"We'll leave them both open for a while," said Norton, "till we get ready to talk."

Though his manner and actions were not mysterious, Jarden nevertheless felt that element was present in some intangible form. He sat down beside the table lighted his pipe, and smoked in patience. Presently Norton arose and closed both windows, leaving only a small crack in each.

"I always like to be in the middle of the prairie when I don't want to be overheard," he said. "That's about the only place I ever feel safe."

Jarden grunted and Norton sat opposite him and leaned his elbows on the table.

"As I said just now," he spoke softly, "I was greatly interested in your piratical romance. We are both soldiers of fortune, Mr. Penrose."

"Yes." Jarden's manner was nocommittal. "I've been fighting for my living all my life, if you call that being a soldier of fortune."

"But you're ready to fight for something more than a mere living?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," Jarden stifled an assumed yawn.

"I was sure of it."

"Didn't think you knew me well enough to be so sure, Mr. Norton."

"Oh, yes," replied Norton, with more show of interest, "I met a friend of yours the day before I boarded the Anna May, and he told me a great deal."

"Who was it?" Jarden was far from feeling as composed as his manner indicated, or as uninterested.

"Poor fellow who was just getting over an awful drunk. Name was—" Norton paused for a moment—"Edward Jarden."

"Oh, Ned Jarden!" The mate continued his smoking as calmly as ever. "Yes, Ned's got an awful thirst. Sometimes he even forgets who he is."

"Oh, he had the papers to prove his identity," Norton replied with alacrity; "showed them to me. Funny thing about them, too." Norton chuckled softly. "Told me he didn't remember having them when he started on his bun, but thought he was you; found them in his pockets when he came to."

"Yes; I said he sometimes forgets who he is." Jarden commented. "That's why he left the army."

"Deserted, didn't he?"

"Oh, no, just quit because they told him he'd have to."

"That's queer," Norton eyed Jarden closely; "he didn't have his discharge papers. I should think he'd want them."

"Oh, maybe some friend has got them for safe keeping," replied Jarden. He took the pipe from his mouth and asked abruptly, "What's all this about, anyway, Mr. Norton?"

"Why," Norton laughed good-naturedly, "it was just a sort of an introduction, to prove to you that I am all right. You see Jarden told me a lot about you, and I immediately decided I'd like to make your acquaintance."

"I feel honored," Jarden murmured mockingly.

"Needn't be," retorted Norton. "It was, as I said when I came aboard, for business and pleasure both. I decided you were just the sort of a man I'd like to be with. I've been in the army, you know, and you having been a soldier, too——"

"Did he tell you that?"

"Oh, that wouldn't be necessary. You couldn't lose your soldier walk if you stayed on board a ship the rest of your life."

"Well," Jarden seemed resigned, "let it go at that. What have you to say to me now?"

Norton glanced at the two windows. "Jarden said I'd probably find you a mate on some small boat about to sail. Took me two days to locate the Anna May and you."

"And having located me, what next?" Jarden was restraining his impatience with some effort.

"Why, just this," Norton's laugh was cold, "I came to arrest you as a deserter from the army."

"The hell you did!" Jarden sat up erect.

"I thought that would wake you up. But don't worry. After I found out what sort of a man you are, I decided to wait and see what your game was. It's a mighty big game, big enough to be worth all the chances you'll have to take."

"What in the devil are you talking about!"

"Why, this plan of yours," Norton spoke slowly, "to seize the Anna May, convert her into a pirate ship, and rob the North Star on the way from Alaska with a cargo of gold bullion." He laughed quietly. "Did you think I was so stupid I couldn't see that you were fishing for recruits when you told us that romance?"

Jarden laughed. "I must have told a good yarn to take you in so completely."

"Needn't try to laugh it off, Jarden."

"Penrose is my name."

"Mr. Penrose," Norton corrected himself with a mocking smile. "Let's stop this fencing and get down to plain business. I think well of your plan. I'm willing to join you under one condition."

"I don't suppose there's any harm listening to your conditions."

"You'd want to have command, naturally," Norton replied, "and being the head and therefore liable to greater punishment in case of failure, you'd want the biggest share of the plunder—say a half for yourself, a quarter for me, and the rest divided among the men. I don't know much about piratical ethics," he laughed, "but seems to me I remember reading that this is about the way they divided the spoils."

"I believe you are right." Jarden retained his noncommittal air.

"Well, that would be all right with me. Now the conditions are that Captain and Miss Arnold are not to be hurt, and that the Captain, if he does not join us, is to be reimbursed to double the amount of his loss. You wouldn't want them to be hurt or to lose anything, would you?"

"No, of course not," Jarden spoke quickly, his thoughts being more of Isabel than of the matter Norton had been discussing.

Norton rose and stepped to the front window, a smile of triumph spreading over his face. "That's all settled then." He spoke through the window, and waited until the bulky figure of Captain Arnold, which had been hidden among the shadows, glided out from under the wall and disappeared around the corner.

Norton's position, held to hide from Jarden his look of triumph, prevented him from seeing a similar look on the mate's face. And neither of them saw Tomkins, pressed against the wall underneath the other window, his ears as near the open crack as possible, and his look of satisfaction hidden by the darkness.

Norton returned to the table. Isabel, hurrying in the darkness, almost stumbled over Tomkins, but the wind drowned the sound of her exclamation.

"Tomkins, what are you doing here?"

"Nothing," he whispered, "just resting."

"There's another condition, Mr. Penrose," Norton's voice stopped Isabel on the point of replying to the sailor, "and it has to do with Miss Arnold."

Isabel promptly forgot Tomkins, and started away so that she would not overhear. The sailor touched her arm in an apologetic manner, and whispered: "Wait miss, they're going to say something about—well, that you ought to hear."

Unconsciously she paused, surprised at his action, and during the pause she heard Jarden reply: "Norton, you're getting tiresome."

"Oh, come down off your high horse," Norton replied curtly. "Now, you're quite smitten with Isabel."

Isabel stopped as she was about to step away, and waited expectantly.

"I don't care to discuss her with you," Jarden said.

"I'm not going to discuss her," retorted Norton, "I'm just going to state a few facts. Now, you may think you are in love with her, but if we put through the North Star deal, either you'll have to give up the command and the big share of the spoils, or you'll have to leave Miss Isabel to me. You can't have both plums without fighting me."

"Give up Isabel!" Jarden shouted, finally aroused from his feigned lack of interest. He shook his fist at Norton. "I'll have you understand, Mr. Norton, that the devil himself couldn't make me give her up if——" he quieted as suddenly as he had flared up—"if I ever had her to give up. Why," he laughed recklessly, "I'd give all the gold in the Klondike for her—if I had it."

Isabel, her heart beating tumultuously, fled to her own room. Tomkins shook his first at her and swore to himself. Norton was surprised at Jarden's vehemence.

"Well," he finally answered. "I didn't know you were so hard hit. But it will

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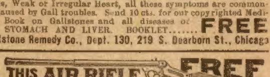

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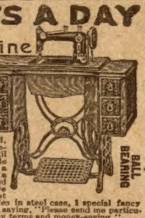

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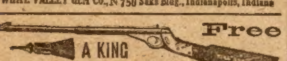

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do you no good, so you might as well forget about her."

"Good night, Mr. Norton, "I'm tired of talking and listening to you talk," Jarden spoke coldly. "Hereafter please omit any mention of Miss Arnold when you speak to me."

"Hoity, toity!" Norton smiled confidently. "Just remember the man who deserted from the United States army. His name was Edward Jarden, though he can change that at will. I'll talk this matter over with you tomorrow, when you've calmed down a bit. And remember, Ned Jarden, I've got other strings to my bow that you don't know of yet."

Jarden silently opened the door and waited until Norton passed through. He was about to close it when Tomkins rushed in and slammed it behind him. The sailor was angry, but kept his voice down.

"Huh!" he growled, "so you're going to sell me out just because of the gal!"

"Jimmy!" exclaimed the surprised Jarden, "what's the matter with you?"

"O, I heard it all!" He pointed to the opened window. "I know how you're going to try to let me out, but by——"

"Here," Jarden shook him, "you talk right or I'll throw you out. Now what's the matter?"

"I told you I heard all you two had to say." Tomkins was still enraged but quiet. "You'd tell him the game, but you wouldn't tell me. Then, when you tell it, you throw everything away just for a woman. I told you to let that gal alone."

"Aw, shut up!" Jarden sat down wearily. "Now, you've said something about the game. What do you think it is?"

"Why," Tomkins seemed surprised, "to loot one of the Alaska gold ships."

Jarden leaned back and laughed heartily, to Jimmy's amazement, finally stopping to say between gasps: "Why, Jimmy, you don't suppose I'd be fool enough to try that, do you, even if I could capture the Anna May? Why, I just told that story to throw them off the track."

"What is the game, then?" Tomkins grumbled.

"Something that's less risky, even though there isn't so much in it," replied Jarden. "As I told you before, I'll tell you when the time comes. If it goes through you'll have a good berth for life."

"Huh," Tomkins grunted, "that sounds good, if it only turns out that way."

"Oh, I'll take care of you, old man!" Jarden spoke jovially. "You've helped me a lot already, and I'm grateful for it. By the way, what do the men think about me?"

"They all like you," replied Jimmy, "except Knotty Barton. He says he's going to give you a whaling the first time he catches you ashore."

"I may give him a chance tomorrow," Jarden laughed. "It looks as if I'll have to give him a sound drubbing to make a friend of him—and we may need him."

"All right, lick him all you want to," Jimmy grinned, then stopped in the door to add," but you steer clear of that gal, I tell you."

CHAPTER VI.

Through the heavy white mist that was almost a drizzle, the Anna May slowly picked her way. The fog had begun to settle about midnight, and by morning was so thick that Captain Arnold forgot the interview he had promised himself to have with Jarden. They crawled along at quarter speed through the day, the fog horns and bell buoys sounding on all sides, and seeming to come from underneath the ship. Occasionally they caught flashes from the lighthouses whose warning beacons were kept burning through the daytime.

But neither sight nor hearing was of much service, for the way must be found by a keener sense than either. As night approached, Captain Arnold, wearied by a long siege at the wheel, sent for Knotty Barton and put him in charge. The grim-visaged sailor was seldom given this responsible position, but he possessed, to a remarkable degree, the ability to find his way through a fog.

"Never saw it thicker, Mr. Penrose," said Arnold, as he joined the mate standing near the little cannon, "and I've been in some pretty foggy weather."

"I think I have," replied Jarden, "on a small catboat off Cape Cod coast. We were sailing down Nantucket Sound and we couldn't see the sail from the cockpit."

"Didn't know they had such thick weather there." The Captain was surprised.

"Oh, yes," Jarden laughed, "and that came mighty near being the last of me. We bumped on a rock because we could not see the lighthouse just above us. But we managed to reach Wood's Hole just in time to have the boat settle to the bottom alongside the stone wharf. I prayed that night."

"Prayer doesn't seem to do some people much good,"Arnold commented, suddenly remembering the conversation he had overheard between Jarden and Norton. "I want to talk with you, Mr. Penrose, as soon as we get clear of this weather."

"Yes, sir."

Jarden replied simply. He felt the sudden change in the Captain's attitude, and wondered what had caused it. The two men stood side by side in silence for some time; then the mate left, moving cautiously after, and hoping he would find Isabel on deck. He had not seen her since morning, and then she had seemed cool and distant. He had passed it off as a woman's whim, but when her father showed a similar coolness the masquerader began to worry a little.

"I wonder if Norton is the reason," he mused, "and what he's up to. Doesn't seem possible he'd think seriously of turning pirate, but if he doesn't what's he up to? Of course he's taken with Isabel, but how does he expect to win her by such actions, unless he's just doing it to get me in bad with her and her father." He slapped his knee and exclaimed aloud, "That's it!"

"That's what?"

The question startled him. Isabel wrapped in oilskins, was leaning against the port side of the cabin, and he had almost stumbled over her, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts. The light from the lamp, piercing the fog through the cabin window, shone on her face faintly, making it seem suspended in space.

"Oh," Jarden stopped suddenly, "I didn't know you were here."

"I saw you coming—," her tone was impersonal—"and waited for you."

"That's good of you," he said warmly, "and I appreciate the compliment."

"It isn't a compliment," she retorted. "I just wanted to tell you that I have learned what sort of a man you are, and—and——" She found it much more difficult to say than she had anticipated.

"And," Jarden came to her rescue, "you do not want me to make love to you again? Was that what you wanted to say?"

"I would prefer it if you did not speak to me again." Her head went back disdainfully. "A man who doesn't dare even to use his own name! A deserter from his country's army! A—oh, why, you may be many other dreadful things besides, and a prospective pirate too."

"You've a very high opinion of my versatility." He laughed mirthlessly. "Evidently you have been reading or hearing some more romances."

"You do not deny it then?"

"Deny what? That I am a prospective pirate? What's the use denying something that everybody knows hasn't happened, and how do I know what I may be?"

"You don't deny it then?"

She hurled the question at him, but there was a little break in her voice.

"I'll deny it if you want me to, Isabel," he said tenderly. "I'll do anything you want me to."

"Don't say that again!" she cried. "I'm tired of hearing it. I—I want you to be and do something because it's the thing to be and do." She waited for a reply, was disappointed, and continued half in anger and half in sorrow. "You didn't deny that you are not using your own name?"

"No, I couldn't deny that," Jarden's voice sank to a whisper, "but I have a reason, a good reason."

"To keep from being arrested, I suppose!" Her scorn, veiled as it was by the mist, was superb, and he felt the desire to take her in his arms overpowering him. "That would be a good reason I suppose—in your estimation."

"I have a very good reason," he repeated softly, "but, Isabel—sweetheart."

"Don't talk that way to me!" She stamped her foot.

"I'll have to ask you to trust me," he continued ignoring her cry. "I cannot tell you just now."

"Oh!" She was becoming unnerved. "I suppose next you'll say you have a good reason for being an army deserter!"

"Every man who deserts thinks he has a good reason," Jarden replied quietly.

"So you admit it!" she gasped. "I—I didn't think you were a coward, too!"

"I haven't admitted it." Jarden's voice was hard. "As a matter of fact I am not a deserter."

"But——"

"But Norton lied," he said savagely. "I presume that is the source of your information." Her face told him his presumption was correct. "I thought so," he was speaking more to himself than to her, "I was thinking of him just now when I spoke aloud. I'll have to settle with Mr. Norton. Did he tell you this?"

"No," she was half convinced by his air of sincerity, and his quiet, though righteous, indignation. "He told Daddy and Daddy told me. Daddy didn't want me—to—to—get too much interested in you." She hurried the words out in embarrassment.

"Isabel," Jarden stepped nearer, "I don't know just what Norton said, but I know most of it was untrue. All of it was false if he even intimated that my love for you is anything but good." He caught her hand, and it lay unresisting, but unresponsive, in his. "I'm not a devil, sweetheart. I'm not an angel, either, I know; but no matter how good I am, I'm not good enough for you; and no matter how bad I am, even the devil couldn't keep me from loving you, nor keep me from being better because of that love."

Her fingers twitched. She did not know what to say. The world, her world, seemed all in a turmoil. She wanted to think Jarden worthy, and yet she could not forget so quickly the things she had heard from others—and from himself. He drew her out of the light, wrapping the oilskins tenderly about her.

"I—you must trust me, dear one," he whispered, "just a little while. Can't you?"

"I—I want to."

His arm crept about her, and with his other hand he slowly turned her face to-

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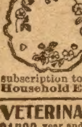

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ward him. A moment they stood, silent, immovable, each hearing the heart-beats in the other's breast. His lips moved suddenly and swiftly toward hers. For a fraction of a second she remained quiet, as if waiting for the kiss, then suddenly her free hand was lifted between them and pushed him gently away.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "No, not now, Laurence!"

"Yes," he breathed heavily. "There is no other time but now, my darling. I have been looking for you all my life. I cannot let you escape now that I have found you. I have always been waiting for this moment. I——" he took advantage of the momentary cessation of her half-hearted struggle to free herself, and again turned her face toward him.

"Please!" she pleaded.

His lips were almost against hers. Her eyes, wide opened, looked into his in wonderment. Suddenly they were hurled violently against the cabin wall. A dull thud, followed quickly by a quivering of the boat, told them instantly of the catastrophe. Then they heard the yells and cries of the Captain and the men. The Anna May had slid down the side of a trough in the sea and crashed on a rock.

CHAPTER VII.

Isabel was stunned into momentary unconsciousness by the shock. She regained consciousness while Jarden was hastily fastening a life belt about her. She pushed his hands away and her own fingers began fumbling at the buckles.

"Look after yourself," she said. "I'm all right now. What was it?"

"Rock, I think," he answered laconically.

"Are we sinking?"

"No, I believe not, but there must be a big hole in the bottom." He had finished his task and grabbed her arm. "Here, come to the boats. We'll quickly find out the damage."

Isabel obeyed without replying. The time for talking had passed. The Anna May was still moving, her speed apparently not slackened by the bump. Captain Arnold had already restored order among the half-demoralized and terrified crew. Knotty Barton, thrown over the wheel by the shock, had stuck to his post and was steering the vessel toward the coast, dimly marked half a mile away by the flashes from a lighthouse.

Engineer Bascam reported to the Captain: "Machinery slightly twisted, but not badly damaged, sir. We can go on indefinitely if we can keep afloat."

Murdock, the quartermaster, who had been sent below, returned with his report: "Timbers are cracked, sir, but there's no hole through. We're leaking some, but if we brace the broken part we can keep out much water."

"Isabel," the Captain said quickly, "you stay here by the boats. Mr. Penrose, I leave you in charge up here. I'll go down below. I'll leave you Barton and three other men. That ought to be enough." He gave his orders rapidly and in a few seconds the men were trooping down to help the carpenter. "Where's Norton?" Arnold suddenly asked. "I was talking with him two minutes before we struck."

The passenger was not in sight, but as Arnold had his foot on the first step, Norton appeared from the cabin, encased in life preservers.

"Are we sinking?" he asked breathlessly. "How much time have I? Where's the boat—the first boat away?" Without waiting for a reply he ran toward the boats and began fumbling at the davit ropes.

Tomkins, one of the men left with Jarden, laughed. "We ain't sinking, Mr. Norton. What you scared about?"

The gibe stung, and Norton stopped his struggle with the ropes. The guff laugh of the Captain completed the work of recalling him to his senses.

"That's all right, Mr. Norton," said Arnold. "It felt like a bad one, and I don't know that I blame you for being afraid. We're safe though. Just a little crack in the timbers. Come along and watch us fix it, and maybe you'll feel better."

As he passed Isabel and Jarden, the lantern held by the mate light his face and enabled Norton to see the look of satisfaction and triumph. The passenger tried to excuse his evidence of cowardice.

"I'm not accustomed to sea traveling. I thought, from the way the ship quivered, that the whole bottom had been knocked in."

Jarden's reply was a smile. Isabel turned away. Norton silently followed the Captain who had disappeared down the stairs.

Jarden saw that Isabel was comfortable, and made a careful investigation to see that all above was intact. When he climbed to the bridge he was surprised to find Isabel there standing behind Knotty.

"Why did you leave your place?" he demanded, anxiety making his tone seem sharp.

"I wanted to see where we were going," she replied meekly. "It was too hard to sit there and not do anything or know anything with no company but my own thoughts."

"You can't see," Jarden retorted, though his voice was much gentler.

"I can look, though," she laughed a little, "and make myself believe I see."

"Where are we, Barton?" Jarden asked of the sailor.

"Think we're just off Cape Flattery," Knotty answered, his sullenness gone for the moment. "I think that's the Flattery light. I'm going in a bit closer to see."

"Well," Jarden was pleased, "we're nearer port than I thought."

"Yes," said Barton, "if it's Flattery we'll swing around and ought to be at Seattle by morning—if the boat keeps up."

"I'll have to leave it you, Knotty," the mate laughed, "I'd have hard enough time finding the course in clear weather."

"Yes, sir."

"And say, Barton," Jarden seemed in good humor, "after we get unloaded, I'll go ashore with you and give you that licking I promised you."

"Yes, sir." The sailor grinned. "That was the second thing I thought of after we bumped that rock."

"What was the first?" Isabel had caught the infection of their lightness in the face of danger, and was half laughing.

"The first," replied the sailor, was to wonder if we'd go down right away, and the second was if I was going to miss that fun Mr. Penrose had promised me. I didn't wanter to lose out on that fight."

Isabel suddenly became grave. "Why do you men hate each other so?"

"Why, miss," Barton was suprised, "I don't hate 'im now. If I hated him I'd stuck a knife in him long before this time."

"But you're just waiting for the chance to fight?" She was puzzled.

"Yes, miss, but that's different. That's just to see who's the best man when there ain't any question of rank to mix us up."

"But what difference does it make?" She was growing impatient.

"What difference?" Jarden looked at her.

"What difference?" exclaimed Barton. "Why, it's to see who's the best man. That's the difference. He says he is, an' I thinks I am."

"But I don't understand why you want to know."

"It's this way, miss." Knotty was patient with the patience he might exhibit toward a child. "No sailor likes to work under a man he thinks he can whip. If Mr. Penrose is a better man than I am, why, then I'll be glad to keep my berth; but if he ain't, why then I don't want it, and he won't want me to have it."

"So you see, Isabel," commented Jarden, "it's a point that must be settled definitely in the interest of discipline. I wouldn't be much use in command of a ship if the men didn't respect me. There wouldn't be any discipline."

"Oh," she tossed her head, "I know all about the need of discipline, but why can't you men decide to accept things as they are. You are mate and in authority over Knotty?"

"You don't understand," Jarden replied, and Knotty's look of approval endorsed his statement.

"No, I'm afraid I don't," she wailed. "Only I don't want you to fight."

"Why, we're not going to use anything but our fists, miss,'" replied Barton.

"But men's fists are such hard, cruel things." She shuddered as her hand dropped over Jarden's. "Think of that striking me in the face."

Both men laughed.

"But Knotty's face is harder than yours," replied Jarden. "We'll promise not to kill each other," he laughed. "Come, let's see how your father is getting along."

They found that Murdock's first report had been less optimistic than the facts warranted. Beyond a crack in three of the planks and the straining of two of the heavy ribs, the Anna May was not damaged. The planks had been quickly re-inforced and the ribs braced, and Captain Arnold pronounced the ship ready for a trip around the world. He ordered everybody to sleep except the watch, asking Jarden to remain a few minutes. Barton assured him he could keep the wheel for a few hours longer, and the Captain consented.

"It's clearing a mite," he said, "and maybe Mr. Penrose can relieve you pretty soon." Then he called Jarden aside. "Mr. Penrose," he began slowly, "I wanted to talk with you, something very important, but after the way Mr. Norton acted tonight I don't know that I'll say it yet. I don't like to believe what a coward says—and he certainly acted a coward."

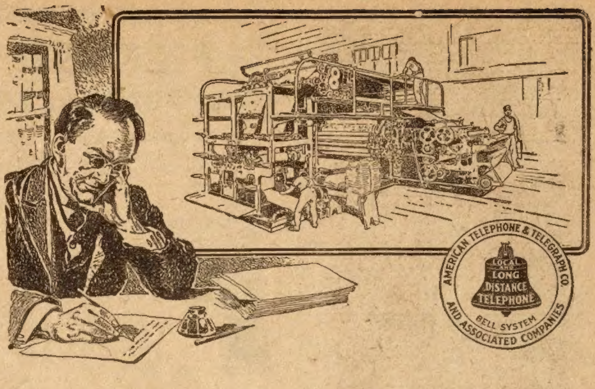
"Oh," Jarden replied magnanimously, "I don't think Norton is a coward. Any man not accustomed to the sea might have felt and acted the same way. I think he's the ordinary brave man—brave when he knows just what the danger is."

"That isn't what I call a brave man," retorted Captain Arnold. "Anyhow, I don't put so much dependence on what he told me—and I'm going to say it was something about you. So we'll just postpone our little talk. I've been called a hasty man, Mr. Penrose, but I've always tried to be a just man."

"I've found you so, Captain Arnold."

"And I don't believe in underhanded work. I liked you from the first time I saw you, and I didn't try to conceal it. I've liked you since you've been on board, though there have been parts of your work you didn't do just right. And—well, I might as well say it now as to wait—I overheard something last night that shook my confidence in you."

(Continued on page eighteen.)



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Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

Anyway, a cook book is full of good ideas.

A man's natural bent seems to be crooked.

But Easy street is not the thoroughfare to success.

And some people do not look as foolish as they are.

A stitch in time may save patching up a quarrel.

It's easy for people to make money who don't need it.

The world doesn't ask how you got there after you arrive.

A mule seldom kicks without cause, but a man is different.

More tombstones would tell the truth about people if left blank.

Query: When a woman says there's no use talking, why does she?

We have no proof that the Lord loveth the cheerful giver of advice.

If a henpecked man visits you don't try to make him feel at home.

No man can hope to be happily married unless he is a good listener.

Better a girl who can sing and won't than one who can't sing and will.

In order to become a nuisance you have only to hunt up a grievance.

Luck seems to have a mania for dropping in on those who do not expect it.

The average man is a good judge of human nature—except in his own case.

If you can't have your own way you can at least keep out of other people's way.

Love may not make the world go round, but it makes a lot of men go broke.

Successful men seldom hand their friends the brand of advice they use themselves.

A man never realizes how many faults he has until he gets married—then his wife tells him.

It is much easier to forget what you ought to know, than it is to know what you ought to forget.

When a young widow makes up her mind to marry a struggling young man his struggles are usually in vain.

Sometimes a girl gets confidential and tells a man that a lot of other men have tried to kiss her, but he is the only one who succeeded.

PICKLED PEPPERS

A Delicate Problem.

Parson Johnson, an evangelist of color, was caught hugging one of the finest ewe lambs of the congregation, who was a very popular young lady, and it created quite a stir. So Brudder Johnson was brought up for trial.

"You have seen these great pictures, I suppose, so you know dat de great Shepherd am always pictured with a lamb in His arms," said Brudder Johnson.

"Yes, sah, pahson, dat am so," admitted Deacon Jones.

"Den, Brudder Jones, what am wrong in the shepherd of dis flock having a lamb in his arms?"

This was too much for Brudder Jones, so he proposed that the people have a call meeting that afternoon. After the point was discussed at the afternoon meeting the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, Dat for the future peace of the congregation, dat the next time Brudder Johnson feels called on to take a lamb ob de flock in his arms, dat he pick out a ram lamb."

❧

Had Nothing on Him.

Rabbi Joseph Silverman, the noted Jewish pastor of New York, tells an amusing anecdote of an Englishman and a Scotchman who were bragging in loud tones.

"Me man," said the Britisher, "'tain't hoften a person is tooken fer royalty, but I've been mistook fer th' Prince o' Wales in me younger days."

"Hoot, man," answered the Scot, "I, myself have been called th' Duke of Argyll!"

The man selling collar buttons paused to listen. "Dat's nuttin'," said he, with a deprecatory gesture; "I vas meetin' a friendt in Rivington strit, an' he shouted, 'Oh, Holy Moses! Is it you?'"

❧

Dissolution of a Union.

For a rare case of mysterious disappearance can you beat this? A young man took his sweetheart to a ball. She wore her party dress. As they began a dance he noticed what he thought was a raveling sticking out of her sleeve. He tugged at it. It came easily, and during the remainder of the dance, having started to wind up that raveling, he kept at it. It wasn't until the end of the dance that he had finished winding.

Next morning the girl said to her mother:

"Maw, an awful funny thing happened last night. You know I went to that dance. Well, when I got home and got ready for bed I found my union suit had disappeared."

❧

A Puzzle About Women.

We don't like to appear curious, but we would like an answer to the following question: Why can a woman travel around the streets or sail out in the country all day under the blazing hot sun bareheaded in an auto, but when she goes to church she must wear a quarter-section hat, trimmed with a half-acre of wheat and eighty-acres of corn? Address the rebus editor.

❧

Trying to Be Witty.

They were sitting in the parlor with the lights turned low. The hour was pretty late. He and she had talked about everything, from the weather to the latest shows. He yawned and she yawned, but he made no attempt to move toward home, and she was becoming weary.

At last she said: "I heard a noise outside just now. I wonder if it could be burglars?"

Of course he tried to be funny.

"Maybe it was the night falling?" he said.

"Oh, I guess not," she exclaimed; "guess it was the day breaking." (Hasty exit of he.)

Outside His Jurisdiction.

A north Missouri justice of the peace is deeply impressed with the responsibilities of his office. The northern line of the fence on his farm is also the boundary of Missouri and Iowa. One day the justice saw his son and his hired man fighting near it, and he ran to them, shouting:

"I demand peace in the name of the State of Missouri!"

Just them the combatants clinched and fell against the fence. The fence couldn't stand the strain and broke. As the two toppled into Iowa, the squire whooped:

"Give him hell, son! I've lost my jurisdiction."

❧

Don't scratch your head and wonder what to give for Christmas. See page 23, and find out.

❧

The Copper's Joke.

"Ever go over on the East Side?" asked Rose Stahl. "If not, you miss half the joy of living in New York. Just for fun I made the rounds the other day with a reporter friend of mine. A few blocks east of the Bowery we observed a crowd hanging about a certain corner and approached a policeman.

"'What's the row over there?' the reporter asked.

"The policeman grinned. 'Nuthin',' he replied. 'Nuthin' but a wooden weddin'.'

"'A wooden wedding?' The newspaperman pondered and reached for his pencil: 'Who is it?'

"'Why, it's a wooden weddin',' answered the policeman, in a matter-of-fact voice. 'It's a couple of Poles gettin' married.'"

❧

The Sound of It.

The Ladies' Aid ladies were talking about a conversation they had overheard before the meeting, between a man and his wife.

"They must have been to the Zoo," said Mrs. A., "because I heard her mention 'a trained deer.'"

"Goodness me!" laughed Mrs. B. "What queer hearing you must have! They were talking about going away, and she said, 'Find out about the train, dear.'"

"Well, did anybody ever?" exclaimed Mrs. C. "I am sure they were talking about musicians, for she said 'a trained ear,' as distinctly as could be."

The discussion began to warm up, and in the midst of it the lady herself appeared. They carried their case to her promptly, and asked for a settlement.

"Well, well, you do beat all!" she exclaimed, after hearing each one. "I'd been out to the country over night, and was asking my husband if it rained here last night."

After which the three disputants retired, abashed and in silence.

❧

Large Open Face.

"I overheard a real gem of a mixed compliment referring to myself the other day, and though it was 'on me,' I appreciated it very much," said a young broker in Exchange place.

"I was out for the week-end at Smith's country estate with other guests. You know I usually wear a hat or a cap to hide the scarcity of hair in front—not that I'm sensitive, but I don't exactly like to advertise my shortcomings.

"One matron, who thought I was too busy talking to one of the debutantes to notice what she was saying, remarked in a low voice to another matron: 'What a nice face Mr. Johnson has.'

"Just then I happened to remove my straw hat for a moment, and I heard the other return:

"'Yes, and how much of it there is!'"

❧

A "Raw" Deal.

Little Willie had worn pajamas for two years. But while visiting an aunt he discovered that his night clothes had been forgotten. When Willie saw the nightie donated by a girl cousin he protested vigorously, winding up with:

"An' I won't wear no nightgown ever, ever. Not even if I have to go to bed raw."

❧

See page 23 for the best Christmas gift.

Fertile in Wiles.

Attorney General Wickersham, at a dinner in Washington, said, apropos of certain lawbreakers:

"Their ingenuity passes all belief. They are worse than the Cohoes book agent.

"A Cohoes man, on the way to the railroad station one morning, was halted by a book agent, and, being a great reader, he bought a book for $5.

"'It will be something to read on the train,' he thought, as he gave his name and accepted a receipt.

"It was a dull book, however, and the Cohoes man left it at his office. But on his return home that evening there was another copy on the library table, and his wife explained that the agent had left it and had collected $5, saying that such were her husband's orders.

"The Cohoes man was wild with rage.

"'If I had that agent here,' he growled, 'I'd kill him, dastardly hound that——'

"'Why, there he goes now,' cried his wife. 'Look, hurrying down the street toward the station!'

"The Cohoes man rushed upstairs for his coat and shoes, but, while he was dressing, a neighbor came along in a motor car. He halted the neighbor from the window.

"'Hurry down to the station and hold up that chap for me!' he cried. 'That chap with the books! See?'

"'Sure,' said the obliging neighbor, and he put on full speed and soon reached the agent.

"'That man up there on the hill wants you,' he said.

"'Oh, yes,' said the agent, as the train steamed in. 'That's Mr. Smith. He wants one of my books. Do you mind taking it to him? It's $5, please.'

"Then the train steamed off with the agent on it, and the motorist sped back to Smith again.

"'Here's your book,' he shouted, holding it aloft, 'and you owe me $5.'"

❧

Probably more men would retire to their closets to pray if the family skeleton didn't take up so much room.

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Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 20 cents per word.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks. Average $1100. Every second week off—full pay. Examinations announced everywhere Jan. 15. Write for free sample questions. Candidates prepared free. Address Franklin Institute, Dept. R-31, Rochester, N. Y.

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GREAT Land Sale in Texas—Write quick. There's a big choice tract of land just 30 miles northwest of Houston, Texas, that is now open for settlement. Land is cheap and can be had on easy terms. Down there they clear from $300 to $1,500 an acre in Figs, Oranges, Pecans and Vegetables. Wild hay is rank, commands good price and should more than net one-half first year's payment. First year's cropshould pay for land. Every day is working day. Sunshine all the time. From 2 to 4 crops each year. Write quick for map, terms and particulars. Prosperity Land Co., Dept. 41, St. Louis, Mo.

FLORIDA Farm Sacrifice—To close estate at once I must sacrifice beautiful 26-acre Florida home; 6-room cottage; modern improvements; barn, outhouses, all necessary livestock, poultry, machinery and equipment. Will yield over $4,000 a year if properly cared for. Price complete $1,500. Terms $50 cash; $25 quarterly if desired by responsible party. Possession March 1st. "Owners," care A. Jordan, Glidden, Wis.

CUBA—Richest soil. Ideal climate. Abundant rainfall. Cheapest transportation Literature free. Sanderson, Palace Bldg., Minneapolis.

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BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

CONCRETE, old established monthly magazine, of more than 100 pages. Tells the HOWS in all concrete construction. Sample copy ten cents. Address Concrete, 7 Saturday Night Building, Detroit, Mich.

FOR THE HOME

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INSTRUCTION

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THE RAJAH BLUE;

Or, A Daughter's Daring

By RHUDDLAN MARSH

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Begun in No. 47, Nov. 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

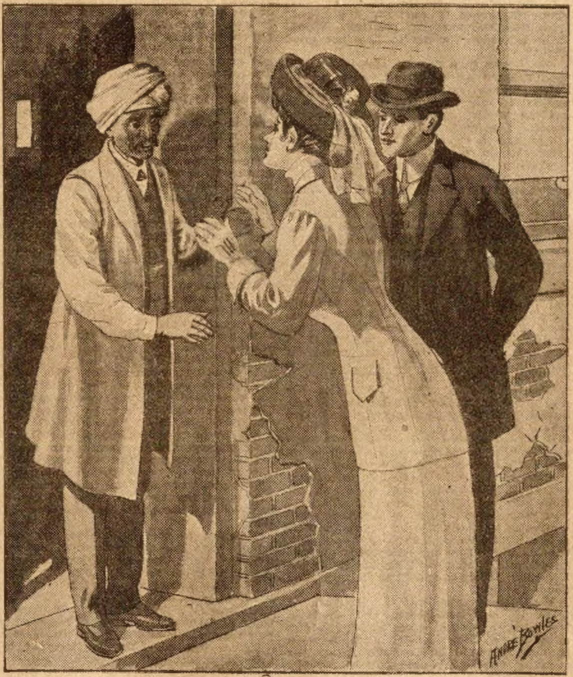
IN THIRTY seconds all that section of the Latin Quarter seemed wide awake. Windows were thrown open, heads appeared everywhere, a babel of talk made the erstwhile silent alley a clamorous place, and beams of light from a score of windows lit up its dark depths. Here the head of a fat papa in a peaked nightcap bobbed to view from an attic window—there a scared mamma in robe de nuit and curl papers leaned over a balcony like some faded Juliet en deshabille—here a pale-faced, half-starved artist clad in ragged dressing-gown and whiskers poked his head from some little window close to a roof—there a young girl dubiously clad to her chin in an opera cape peeped guardedly from behind her half-opened shutters—here, there, and everywhere people appeared, and every mother's son and daughter of them was talking high-velocity French in discordant chorus, asking what the "diable" it was all about! It was great fun. One big fellow bellowed "A bas ——" something or other. I couldn't catch what it was he wanted to down; another cried "Vive les ——" something else. I couldn't make out what it was he wanted to live forever—and at last, to cap the row, somebody began to chant the "Marseillaise!"

Everybody was coming in strong on the chorus when the gendarmes arrived. They came running, little short-legged fellows in baggy trousers, armed with short swords. Then there was more noise than ever. The gendarmes jabbered; the general public jabbered back at them from all sides, and from cellar to attic. Presently there was a lull, and taking advantage of the quiet, Mr. Emmett leaned from his window and told the gendarmes, in very loud, but very bad French, that he had just killed four men and that they'd better come right up and see about it.

This quelled the riot for a moment. Then the gabble broke out in a fresh place, louder than ever. The gendarmes ran, some of them around to the front door, some to the rear, and in a little time they were in Mr. Emmett's room. Meanwhile he had lighted the gas.

We couldn't understand what they said, but we could see, in dumb show, how Mr. Emmett explained the whole business to them, precisely as it did not happen—how the Hindus had come in and how he had grappled with one of them and had gained possession of the pistol—here the leader of the gendarmes woke from a trance and took possession of the weapon in question—and how he had then put the whole outfit on the safe side, single-handed. Mr. Emmett's French was not the best, and he did most of his explaining by gestures, so we could follow what he was saying rather closely.

Then the gendarmes looked wise, felt for the pulses of the dead, looked at the bullet-holes in their bodies and at those in the wall. They inspected the broken window, asking some questions about it. Then I went cold down my backbone, for I remembered the bullet-holes in the pane. But when I looked more closely, I breathed easy again. In the rumpus the shrewd old Californian had smashed the telltale bit of glass. He was coolly explaining to the officers how he had backed up against the window while defending himself, thus breaking the pane. Everything went our way. The officers had only to probe about for a bullet and compare it with the thirty-eight caliber revolver Mr. Emmett had used to prove his whole story false, but the thing seemed so clear that they did not take the trouble to investigate further.



"Rajdosa!" cried Nora.

Our gendarmes were tremendously impressed, in fact. They treated the old gentleman as a hero, and it was clear that they were ashamed to find it their duty to arrest so valiant and puissant a personage. The leader of the squad bowed low before him and made a little speech. Clearly he was apologizing to Mr. Emmett for what he was about to do, and deploring the fact that it was his duty to go through the necessary formality of making an arrest. Mr. Emmett replied with equal politeness, saying something to the effect that it would be a real honor to be arrested by such able and efficient officials. Then they all bowed. Then Mr. Emmett bowed. Then the gendarmes all bowed again and ranged themselves on either side of the door, making a sort of living lane. The leader bowed to Mr. Emmett again, with a courtly gesture toward the door. Mr. Emmett bowed to the captain and marched down the lane. The marshaled gendarmes bowed, the captain followed Mr. Emmett down the lane, the other gendarmes fell in with the procession—and the ceremony of arresting "le brave American" (as the papers called him next day) was over.

I chuckled to myself.

Nora gasped a little. "Why—why—" she whispered, "what does it all mean? Is it a joke? Isn't he really arrested?"

"Oh, yes, he's arrested all right, and he may have to unwind a mile of French red tape before he gets out, but he will make a clear case of self-defense, and self-defense against tremendous odds—there's no doubt about his getting clear eventually. His quick wit has saved me from a most serious mess. I was just getting ready to go down and give myself up to the prefect of the police. I would have had a deuce of a time explaining how I came to shoot four men in cold blood—and with this murderous Maxim thing. I took the law in my own hands. Your father has very kindly taken my murder trial off my shoulders. Now all we have to do is to lie low and get quietly away from here.

* * * * * *

I carefully packed the Winchester in the wooden box and locked it in my tiny closet, putting the key in my pocket. The silencer I took with me.

"Are you going to leave the gun there?" asked Nora.

"For a day or two. The box might excite suspicion if we were seen carrying it out of the house right now. When the excitement is over, I'll come back and sneak it away."

We put the big lamp in a shopping-bag of Nora's that she had brought along at my request. Then I took the bag, and we quietly left the house. Everybody else in the building was still in the rear, talking over the great event that had aroused the neighborhood.

We were well on our way toward our hotel, when I stopped short, giving utterance to a forcible cuss-word.

"What is it?" asked Nora.

"The shells!" I whispered. "The emp-

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ty shells! There are five empty shells lying on the floor of that room back there! Ain't I the wise guy?"

Then Nora reached for my hand. "Shut your eyes and open your hand," she said.

And one by one she dropped five thirty-caliber brass shells into my open palm.

CHAPTER XI.

When we began to approach our hotel, I fell into a slough of despond. I had a terrible case of buck fever. I had gone through the shooting business with reasonably steady nerve, but now I was scared and worried to the verge of nervous prostration.

I was afraid of Nora. I began to remember that I had taken her in my arms; had kissed her divers times; had addressed her in all the terms of endearment known to English-speaking lovers. I had done this, and Nora had even kissed me of her own free will—nevertheless, I was not sure of my ground. There had been no real understanding between us. We had exchanged no word of love or troth—that is, no rational word.

Questions arose in my mind. Were Nora and I really engaged? Had she accepted my caresses merely because I had rescued her father? Was her kiss a real, "for sure" kiss, or just a manifestation of hysterics? And how should I act when we came to part for the night? That was the burning question. Would it be in order for me to kiss her good night?

Oh, I was in a fearful stew! And all the time we were getting closer to the hotel, where we would have to part and go to our respective rooms. I was getting weak in the knees under the strain. I suppose I became so wrapped up in the debate with myself that it gave me an air of grouchiness. Anyway, Nora seemed to feel a coolness in the atmosphere, and she too fell silent presently. Before we reached the hotel we were as polite and distant to each other as the average acquaintances of ten minutes' standing. Nora told me afterward that she was thinking and wondering about the same things that were worrying me.

Finally, when I was all a cold sweat from head to toe, I determined to settle the matter, but I found it easier to make the resolution than to put it into execution. I had never dreamed that a man could be in such mental misery. If I had just murdered my grandmother in cold blood I couldn't have felt greater anguish. It took me right in the solar plexus—a sort of a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach, you know. Queer, isn't it, how your soul hits you amidship when it gets into real trouble? They talk about broken hearts, but I'll back my heart to stand up under the pressure so long as my solar plexus doesn't wilt. But when the sun-bunch begins to send out C. Q. D. signals, then look out, for then you've come to the place where, if you were a woman, a good juicy weep would be the only way out. And that is a beastly fix for a man to get into, for, though his throat may tie itself up into hard knots, a man can't get out that way. He must feel the aching misery and never let on.

Well, that's the way I felt then. I tried to say something and couldn't. My tongue would give a big thump, once in a long while, and between thumps it would lie back fluttering like a dying quail. I would say to myself: "When we get to that big tree yonder——"; or, "When we get to that corner there, I'll say it." And when we came to the place, I would go all to pieces—would be simply speechless with internal hysterics. I could not even think, let alone speak.

Just before we reached the hotel Nora spoke. "What's the matter?" she said. "What's all this you are saying to yourself?"

"Matter?" I blurted out. "I'm dying!"

"O—o—oh!" wailed Nora, stopping short. Then she looked into my face. "I don't believe you are any such thing!" she said.

The spell was broken. My tongue was unlocked at last. "Nora, dear," I cried, "I'm simply dying to hear you say that you love me! Tell me that it wasn't a dream— that back there in the little room—tell me that you really did put your arms about my neck and kiss me."

She came very close to me and bowed her head so that I could not see her face. Then she took hold of the lapel of my coat and began to finger the top buttonhole. "I won't do any such thing!" she whispered. "Not until you have told me—something you haven't told me yet."

I don't remember whether I told her or not. I have a shrewd suspicion that I did, but I do remember that she put her arms about my neck and kissed me again, there by the Marshal Ney statue at the upper end of the Luxembourg Garden.

And now I never think of Marshal Ney, or of the beautiful fountain of the four quarters of the world, or of the long vistas of the Luxembourg Garden in the pale light of a waning moon, without dreaming that I feel two soft little arms coiled about my neck, and the pounding of a hurried little heart beating just over my own.

I experienced no further difficulty in deciding whether or not it would be in order to kiss Nora good night.

CHAPTER XII.

We were all in the boat train together—Mr. Emmett, Nora, and I—since nobody but the aristocracy and American millionaires travel first-class, and we were listed neither in Burke's nor in Bradstreet's. Mr. Emmett's trial was over, or rather his preliminary examination, for his case never really came to trial, and Nora and her Dad were united at last, had been united for as much as half an hour.

During the three days that had elapsed since we had put the thugs out of the way, Nora and I had kept severely away from Mr. Emmett, in order to be on the safe side and avoid possible complications. We were in a hurry to get away, and did not fancy the idea of getting tied up in French legal red tape just then. Mr. Emmett had seen us among the lookers-on at his examination, but had never betrayed the fact that he was aware of our existence. We had made everything ready, had even bought steamer tickets, and when Mr. Emmett was discharged, we had hurried him away to the Gare du Nord. Now we were all safely away, the three of us, in a second-class compartment by ourselves. Paris on the horizon and the "Five" utterly incapacitated for doing any further mischief—one of them at the bottom of the Atlantic, and four in a Parisian potter's field. To these might be added a little Hindu servant lost in a Continental sleeping-car. I suppose he will come back some day with a silken noose up his sleeve for me.

"Now, Noreen," said Mr. Emmett, "quit this and be sensible." (She had been fussing over him like a mother robin over a fallen fledgling ever since the train had left the station.) "Let me get my breath and ask a few questions. I am consumed with unuttered questions."

Nora sat up very primly. "Now I will be good," she said. "Ask away."

"Well, in the first place, tell me who this strange young gentleman is—this athletic-looking person who seems to be the moving spirit of your rescue party. When you have told me that, I shall put my questions to him. No woman can answer questions in a satisfactory manner."

I began to feel cold down my backbone. Was the old gentleman about to ask me what business I had traveling about with his daughter, unchaperoned?

"I think I told you that the athletic-looking person is Mr. John Powell, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. And seeing that no woman can answer questions, you may go on and ask him the rest."

"First tell me how you drafted him into your service."

"That's it. I just drafted him. Shanghaied him on the streets of Pittsburgh and brought him to Paris."

"That is quite true," said I.

"It isn't!" flared Nora. "You weren't coerced a bit. I told you you needn't come, and you just would!"

"You're a frivolous person," said the old gentleman. "I shall talk with Mr. Powell."

He turned to me. "Now, for God's sake, tell me how you engineered my rescue. I've been afire with curiosity for three days."

I opened my grip and took therefrom the little cylinder that had enabled me to accomplish the rescue, and gravely presented it for inspection. "That's how," I said.

Mr. Emmett took it in his hand and examined it for a long time in silence.

"I see," he said finally. "I suppose this is one of those wonderful things Maxim has made. You were close—just across the alley, of course, where I saw Nora. I have been trying to have it in my mind that you shot from very long range, but I couldn't explain the light, and the miraculous marksmanship. But if you were just across the street——"

"Now, don't you go running down our marksmanship," chimed in Nora. "We only wasted one cartridge, and I think that's pretty good shooting under the circumstances."

"Our shooting?" said Mr. Emmett, quizzically. "Ours, did you say?"

"Well, I held the searchlight anyway?" said Nora, pouting a little.

Then we told Mr. Emmett how we had engineered the rescue—how I had furnished the artillery and the place to shoot from and how Nora had lured the enemy to the slaughter. And when we had told all that, the old gentleman looked gravely first at one of us and then at the other, and said: "Well? Is that all?"

I looked him in the eye and saw a twinkle there. Nora, the little traitor,

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promptly hid her face in her father's coat, some place between his heart and his armpit. It reminded me forcibly of how just such a girl had once dumbfounded me with just such a trick under the glare of the arc lights of Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Come across, Nora," said I. "He's next."

* * * * * *

"Now, if you youngsters can talk sense," said Mr. Emmett, as we were approaching Havre, "perhaps you will tell me where my Blue Rajah Diamond is?"

Nora and I looked into each other's eyes guiltily. We had not thought of the Rajah Blue diamond for three days. Nora turned and reached for her handbag.

"I can give you your Rajah Blue sapphire," she said. "But I can't tell you where your old diamond is. Your blue diamond has become a diamond mystery. It's gone!"

"Lost on the bottom of the Atlantic ——" I began.

"Or in Pittsburgh——"

"Or perhaps in Paris——"

"Gone, at any rate," said Nora, "and I'm glad, for the Rajah Blue has brought us nothing but bad luck ever since we found it."

I reached for my hat. "I think I'll jump off here," I said.

Nora caught me by a buttonhole. "Please don't," she said. "Please Mister!"

EPILOGUE.

"This is the place."

I turned and went down a dark, narrow street. Nora followed, holding on to my sleeve with a thumb and forefinger.

"I am more frightened now than I was when I came here to hide from the Hindus," she said.

"Of course. Women are always frightened when there's nothing to be scared of, or when there's a man around to bristle up for them."

I led the way to a door with old-fashioned narrow panels and little [illegible] in its frame on either side—sh[illegible]dows of flowery frosted glass. "I[illegible] the one?"

"I would know that door flanked by the frosted panes of glass if I were to meet it coming down from the Indian Hill country," said Nora.

I was about to knock, when a great commotion broke out above. Some one poked a head out of a window one story up, lifted up his voice in the strangest outcry I ever heard, then ran back into the building. I looked at Nora in amazement. "What the——" I began.

"Hush! Listen!" she whispered, clutching my arm

The outcry died off in the distance, then grew louder again. The disturber of the peace was coming downstairs.

Nora was pale, but her face was alight with joy. "I knew," she whispered. "Something told me—that's why I wanted to come—and I was afraid to tell you just why, because it would have sounded so foolish."

The door burst open and a turbaned man with a lean and hungry brown face stood on the threshold.

"Rajadasa!" cried Nora.

"Memsahib Nora!"

It was Rajadasa himself, in the flesh, thin and peaked from anxiety and semi-starvation, but smiling and happy.

* * * * * *

Now this is the corrected tale of what happened in that old downtown house on the night that saw Nora leave Pittsburgh with me tied to her apron strings:

The two thugs surprised Nora and Rajadasa, the smaller of the two attacking Nora, the larger meeting Rajadasa knife to knife. When Nora had been bound and gagged, both of the Hindus fell upon Rajadasa, tearing his knife from his grasp and bearing him to the floor. Then one of the daggers held by his assailants was broken, just as Nora said, in Rajadasa's efforts to turn it against the man who held it. The dagger held by the other was driven into Rajadasa's breast, not into his vitals, as it appeared to Nora from where she lay, but into the muscles of his right shoulder, the blade glancing from his upper ribs and coming out under the armpit, to make still another wound in the shoulder muscles of the right arm.

Then Rajadasa rolled over, breaking the blade of the dagger. This was the last that Nora saw before she swooned. The three combatants rolled through the open door into the hall, coming to their feet outside. Then all three fell against the door of the room across the hall, which gave way before them. The men came to the floor in a mass, and one of the thugs was stunned by the fall

Feeling the grip of one of his assailants loosen, Rajadasa shook himself free from the arms that held him, and sprang to his feet, looking swiftly about the room for something with which he might defend himself. He saw a big saber hanging on the wall

Now this was a "furnished room," calculated to rent for about $1.75 per week, and so rented, too, as the feeble rays of a burning gas jet bore witness, and in reality the sword that hung on its wall, the saber that had so mystified me, was not mysterious at all It was not even the saber of somebody's father. It was merely an old cavalry saber that the landlady of the house had bought for eighty-nine cents or thereabouts at a department sale of antiquated military goods, to serve as a bit of mural decoration for one of her rooms. The Sharp's carbine that she bought for ninety-nine cents at the same time hung over the mantelpiece in her parlor.

All this, however, did not concern Rajadasa then. He wasted no time in wondering why the saber was there, but snatched it from the wall instanter and faced his foes

Then a noise was heard from without (that was I, trying to mount the barrel below the window) and some one shouted something down the stairway above (that, as it came to me in a flash of memory when Rajadasa told about it, was a third-floor roomer asking peevishly "what the hell" we were kicking up such a rumpus about), and straightway the two thugs, knowing that it would be fatal to their plans to be caught by the police, and deeming discretion the better part, turned and fled down the stair swiftly and silently, leaving Rajadasa standing in an attitude of defiance in the middle of the room.

Immediately another noise came from outside the window (I was making progress), and Rajadasa himself was seized with panic. He remembered that he was in a strange, and no doubt lawless, city of the barbarous West. Looking down, he saw that he was holding a murderous saber all red with his own blood, which had run down his arm and over his hand from the bad flesh wounds in his shoulder. He hung the saber on the wall, where it had been before, and fled. There was a half-open door at the end of the hall, and through this he slid, closing it behind him. There, in a dark and stuffy hall bedroom, he remained for an hour, hearing voices occasionally, but unable to understand anything that was said. When he finally stole forth to see how Nora fared, she was gone, of course He crept back to where the saber hung, wiped the blood from its blade, then went back to his own room to wait with dog patience for Nora or word from her

So there he stayed. He knew of nothing better to do than to camp out there till Nora should come to him. He had abounding faith that Nora would return, and he had enough money on his person to pay his rent and keep him alive for a month. As big Bill Carnahan, the officer on that beat, told me afterward:

'Faith and the straight-haired naygur was afther an' livin' on bananies and dates that he bought off the dago on the corner! Shure and he near drove me disthracted paradin' through the alley every day all 'belted' 'round with unconcealed weapons an' scarin' all the kids in the ward out of their wits The landlady and the boardthers all made a kick, and would be havin' the crathur put in the street, but he had paid his rint and was civil—begorra, phwat could they do.'

As for the thugs, they were arrested "on suspicion" within five minutes after they had fled, but they gave such a good account of themselves at the station that they were not detained. They probably caught the next through train leaving for the West, following the train that carried Nora and me.

All this I learned afterward, from Rajadasa, from Officer Carnahan, from the landlady of the old house, and from the police station blotter.

* * * * * *

Rajadasa was on his knees, kissing Nora's hand and fairly weeping for joy. The poor fellow had passed a terrible three weeks in the heart of a strange land, and Nora's coming meant to him deliverance from deadly dangers.

Presently he rose, drew himself up with a great assumption of dignity, and threw back the folds of his flowing garment, exposing the bandages that swathed his wounded shoulder. With his left hand he unwound the bandages.

We saw the livid scars left by the newly healed wounds, but it was not the scars that Rajadasa wished us to see It was rather a large patch of court-plaster, crisscrossed by many overlapping straps of the same material, which had been hidden beneath the bandages. He pointed to this with a grin and uttered some words in Hindustanee that made Nora gasp.

Then he tore the adhesive strips away and took from beneath them something that blazed and shot blue fire as he held it up to the sun

"The Rajah Blue!" cried Nora and I, as with one voice.

The end.

* * *

Give them something that will remind them of you every week throughout the year. It don't seem possible? See page 23 and you will know what it is.

* * *

The Seventh Day.

"I am inclined to think," said the man who speaks with firmness, though with caution, "that our friend, Mr. Grafton Grabb, was created on the Sabbath."

"For what reason?"

"We are told that an honest man is the noblest work of the Creator, and also that on the seventh day the Creator rested."

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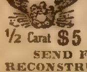

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A Worthy Catch.

She—They say there are germs in kisses. What do you suppose a girl could catch that way?

He—A husband.

Two of a Kind.

"Don't you miss your husband very much, Mrs. Jones?"

"No, indeed. You see, I have a bull terrier who is growling all the time, too."

THOSE DEVILISH HATPINS.

Compensation.

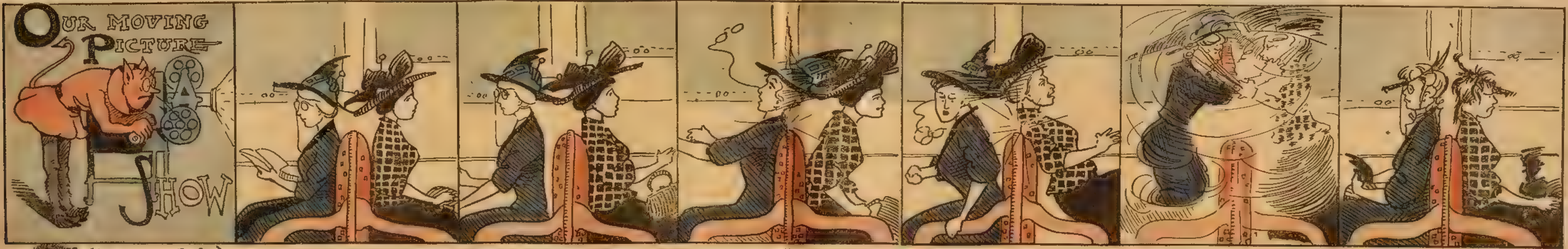
Customer—Waiter, this is an absurdly small steak you've given me.

Waiter—Yes, sir, but it'll take a wonderful long time to eat, sir."

Excuse for High Prices.

Howell—It costs a good deal more to live than it used to.

Powell—Well, it's worth the difference.



Both Ladies (in surprise)—Good gracious! What has my hat got caught on now, anyway?

Both (impatiently)—Well, I declare! It's that woman's hat behind me!

Both (angrily)—Some people are so careless! The cat!

Both (in rage)—I'll jerk her old hat off her head, the fool!

Both (wild)—You will pull my new hat to pieces, will you?

Both—There, I bet she will be careful next time!

Experienced Mabel.

"John," said the sweet young thing about to get married, "I hope you won't be like all the other married men."

"What do you mean, my dear?

"Mabel says they're all alike. She was over this afternoon giving me the benefit of her experience. You know, she knows all about men."

"She does? And when was Mabel married?"

"Last June.

Anticipating a Treat.

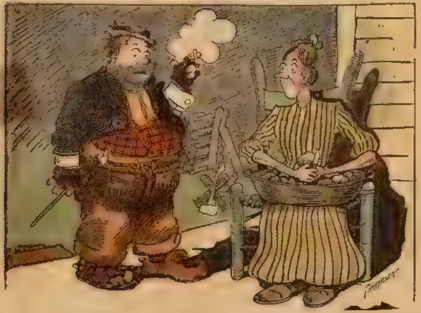
"What do you want to hang around here for all day? Didn't you ever see a gang of men putting in a pane of glass before?"

"I thought maybe they'd let it fall."

Wished to Be Excused.

It is the doctor, sir.

"Impossible for me to see him. Tell him—I'm ill!'



Woman of the House—You said if I gave you a meal you would work like a dog at that wood pile.

Hungry Hoag—Yes'm. Just wait till a rat comes out and see me kill him.

The Genuine Article.

"I don't know about this picture, Bobby," said the visitor, as he ran over specimens of the youngster's camera work. "I am afraid a dog with a propeller instead of a tail is something of a fake.'

"That ain't a propeller," said Bobby. "That's his tail. He kept waggin' it while his picture was being tookened."

Wasn't Attractive.

When opportunity came knocking at my door
I bade her go at once and return no more
Of course, I am to blame that every chance I shirk,
But, honest, when she came, she looked like plain old work.

Printing the Truth.

A Kansas editor announced he would try for one week to print the truth, and he is still in the hospital. The following item appeared in Monday's issue and now the boys are getting out the paper. This is what he said:

"Married, Miss Sylvia Rhode to James Cannaman, last Sunday evening at the Baptist Church. The bride was an ordinary town girl, who didn't know any more than a rabbit about cooking and never helped her mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty by any means and has a gait like a duck. The groom is an up-to-date has-been loafer, living off the old folks all his life, and don't amount to shucks nohow. They will have a hard life while they live together.

"Gentleman" Defined.

An exact definition of a gentleman has been tried many times, never, perhaps, with entirely satisfactory results. Little Sadie had never heard of any of the various definitions, but she managed to throw a gleam of light on the subject, albeit one touched with unconscious [illegible]. The word was in the spelling lesson, and I said.

'Sadie, what is a gentleman?'

'Please, ma'am," she said, "a gentleman's a man you don't know very well.'

Not Missing Anything.

"Dora's joined the suffragette movement."

"It's her belief that women ought to vote, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know that she's formed any opinion about that. But the suffragettes in our neighborhood have been giving such lovely teas. And Dora wanted to get in on them."

A Youthful Quibbler.

Caller—So you go to school, do you, little man? Let me hear you spell "bread."

Bobby—B-r-e-d.

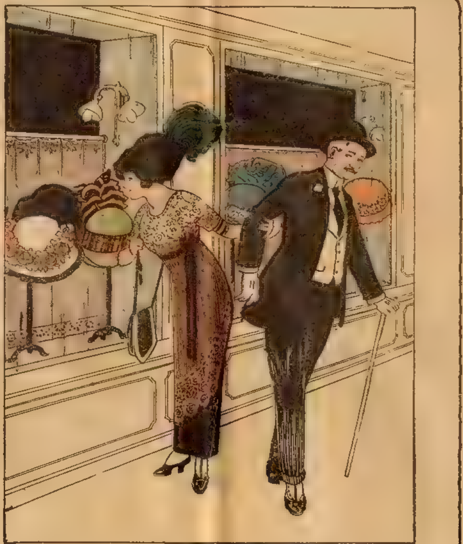
Caller—The dictionary spells it with an "a."

Bobby—You didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it; you asked me how I spell it.

More than Enough.

"Pa, what is a conservative statement?"

"Well, my son, the man who said one wife was enough for a man made a very conservative statement."



"O Arthur, this hat is a beauty—it's a poem!"

"Yes, but come along! It doesn't rhyme with my purse'

A Scheme That Worked.

Gobsa Golde went one day to the races and lost all on the favorite. It was a hot day, and Gobsa, although very thirsty, hadn't so much as the price of a glass of soda water. Nevertheless he stepped boldly into a palatial saloon.

In the saloon he struck up a conversation with a prosperous-looking man.

"You're a hale, sound, lusty man," said Gobsa. "It's good for sore eyes in these degenerate days to see a man like [illegible]. What's your age?"

"[illegible]-four," said the fat man with a pleased smile. "What's yours?"

'Thanks,' said Gobsa, gratefully. 'Thanks. Mine's a short beer.'

The Simplest Way.

The boys' brigade was on parade, and the corporal, thinking they had been out long enough, gave the order to return on arriving at the corner of the street leading back to the school from where they started.

"Right wheel—no, left wheel—no, right wheel!" he shouted.

The boys, noticing his confusion, started laughing, then the corporal shouted: "Hang it, boys, turn up Green street."

Painful Ignorance.

"Father, didn't you tell me this morning that it's cowardly to strike any one smaller than yourself?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then I wish you'd write a note to teacher, cos I don't believe he knows about it."

Obliged to Lead.

"I will follow you to the ends of the earth," he exclaimed.

"But," she replied, "I am only going as far as the next soda fountain."

Whereupon he took the hint and led the way.

Such a Difference.

"Napoleon's ambition was to conquer the world."

"Well! well! Just think of that! And the height of my ambition is to own a little truck farm.

And This Time It Was.

The telephone girl was on her vacation and fishing. Some one in another boat called "Hello!" Just then she got a bite.

"Line's busy!" she answered.

The Lover's Promise.

She—You know, George, that during all my girlhood I have never known care.

He (absent-mindedly)—When we are married, darling, you shall never be without it.

Indefinite.

Friend—Hello, Jinks, how is your cold?

Jinks (hoarsely)—Which one?

A Troublesome Cat.

Mrs. Casey (sitting up in bed)—Moike, did yez put out the cat?

Mr. Casey—Oi did.

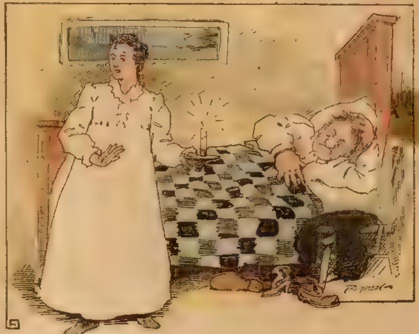
Mrs. Casey—Oi don't belave it!

Mr. Casey—Well, if yez think Oi'm a liar, get up and put 'er out yerself.

Not for His Health.

"Don't you think that your devotion to politics is hurting your health?"

"I'm not in politics for my health."



Mrs. Benham—There is a burglar, I really believe, in the pantry where I put the pie I baked this afternoon.

Benham—Well, you can't expect me to get up at this time of night to give him dyspepsia tablets.

Rural Rivals.

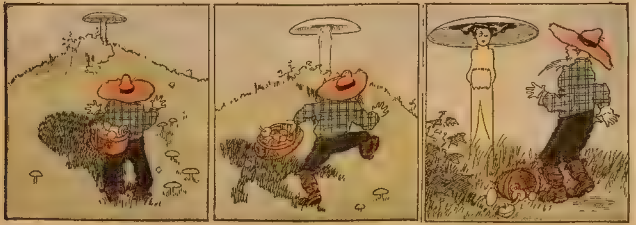
Village Beauty—I see that there new fire engine has been named after Jack Hansom.

Admirer (a rival of Jack Hansom)—Ya-as, that new engine is a good deal of a squirt.

Usual Programme.

"So you had a nice time in Plunkville?"

"Oh, very. They showed me the almshouse, the jail, and the fine new insane asylum. They certainly made my visit as pleasant as possible.



Uncle Umhaw—My gracious! What a big mushroom!

"I'll pick it!"

The Mushroom—Sir! What do you want?

Little Pitcher.

Sweet Little Willie—Uncle James, do you think you'll get very sick while you're with us?

Old Rich Uncle—Why do you ask, Willie?

Sweet Little Willie—'Cause, pop says they'll all weep crocodile tears when you get real sick, and I want to see 'em.

Confusion of Customs.

"Those Indians have exceedingly queer customs," said Mr. Meekton, on his way home from a suffragette meeting. "I understand they have war bonnets."

"Well, why not?" inquired his wife.

"But it seems that they are worn by the men."

Concealed.

Owner—How did you come to puncture the tire?

Chauffeur—Ran over a milk bottle.

Owner—Didn't you see it in time?

Chauffeur—No; the kid had it under his coat.

Regular Duties.

"I should think you would give that hired man a good scolding," said the summer boarder.

"'Tain't any use,' replied Farmer Corntassel. "That hired man has got an idea that listenin' to me scold is the way he earns his wages."

Why Delay?

'And you really think, doctor, that you must perform the operation today?"

"Oh, yes. There may be no necessity for it tomorrow.'

Why He Remembered.

"Are you sure that it is a year ago today that we became engaged, dear?" asked the girl.

"Absolutely sure, darling," answered the man, fondly.

'You romantic boy! To be able to tell to a day! How did you remember?"

'I looked over my checkbook."

Distrust.

"That man wants to know whether you are going to stand by him,' said the political assistant.

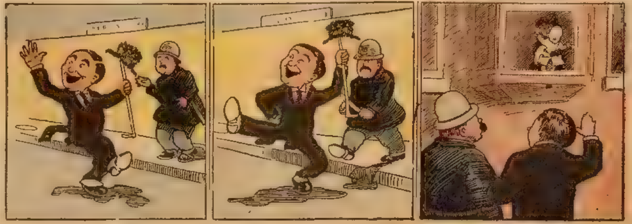
"I'm obliged to," said Senator Sorghum. 'It wouldn't be safe not to stand by him close enough to watch him."

Defunct, Arithmetically.

"So poor Dinny is a dead man."

"Oi didn't say that. I tould you he was half kilt from a blast in the quarry."

"Well, an' wasn't he half kilt only last month fallin' down an elevator? How many halves has he got to be killed?



The Officer—Will you look at his actions. He must be crazy, sure.

"It's up to me to run him in, the dancing lunatic."

But it was only Mr. Younghub waving good-by to his baby.

HER MAD LOVER;
Or, THE FALSE AND THE TRUE

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT

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CHAPTER XI.

"I DO NOT UNDERSTAND."

BERYL sat in her bedroom looking up with wistful eyes at a portrait of her pale, fair-haired mother, which hung on the wall.

"If you were only here to tell me what to do, dear! Perhaps you would understand me better than I understand myself," she sighed. "I remember my mother once said to me. 'I hope dear, you will always care more for Lucian than you do for Andrew.' I did not understand then what she meant, but I do now."

She turned her eyes from the portrait and looked out of the window. "The leaves are beginning to turn," she said plaintively. "My wedding-day is only a month off." She started restlessly to her feet. "This struggle is becoming more than I can bear. I must do something." She stood for a moment reflecting. "I will tell Lucian all. He will help me. He is good and kind."

She was pale when, a little later, she went down to the drawingroom where he awaited her. He came eagerly forward to meet her, but as he would have drawn her in his arms, she stopped him with a gesture.

"Lucian, there is something I wish to say to you," she said.

He looked at her strangely and turned very white.

"I am going to be perfectly frank with you, Lucian," she continued. "I do not quite understand myself, but I think that I have ceased to love you. I have loved you so dearly, Lucian," she said, pathetically. "And I do not know what has caused me to change like this. The strange part of it is, that when I am not with you I feel toward you as I have always felt in the past, but when we are together it is different. My love seems cold. I am chilled, unresponsive, and forgive me, very often repelled. But you must have seen all this for yourself. Tell me, Lucian," looking at him appealingly, "do you think that, feeling as I do, I ought to become your wife? Do you not think that it would be wrong, unwise, both for your sake and my own?"

He arose, and approaching her, stood with his hand resting on the back of her chair. He was very pale, but he spoke quietly, with the concentration of purpose that lends calmness to a man when he is fighting desperately for that which is dearer to him than anything else in all the world.

"Yes. I know that it would be right and wise for you to become my wife," he replied.

"But what if we should both be miserable?" she urged.

"We shall not be miserable," he protested. "We shall be happy, for all doubt and all unrest will be at an end."

She shook her head with a faint, incredulous smile.

"Listen to me, Beryl. You say that you have loved me so dearly. If you are not the most fickle, the most capricious of women, you love me still." He paused for a moment with a sickening consciousness of the mocking truth underlying his words. "I do not know what causes you to feel as you describe at times, but I am sure those feelings will pass away for ever, once you are my wife."

"But if they should not?" she murmured, and a little shiver passed over her. "Think, oh, think, what that would mean to—to us both."

"But it will not be so," he protested, desperately. "Beryl, I have loved you ever since I can remember. You are the one love of my life. You surely cannot mean to cast me off within one month of the day set for our wedding? Do you want to ruin my life, to drive me to desperation? Life will be nothing to me if I lose you. I could never love another woman; all my hopes are centered on you. Beryl, have pity upon me! I do not care to live without you!"

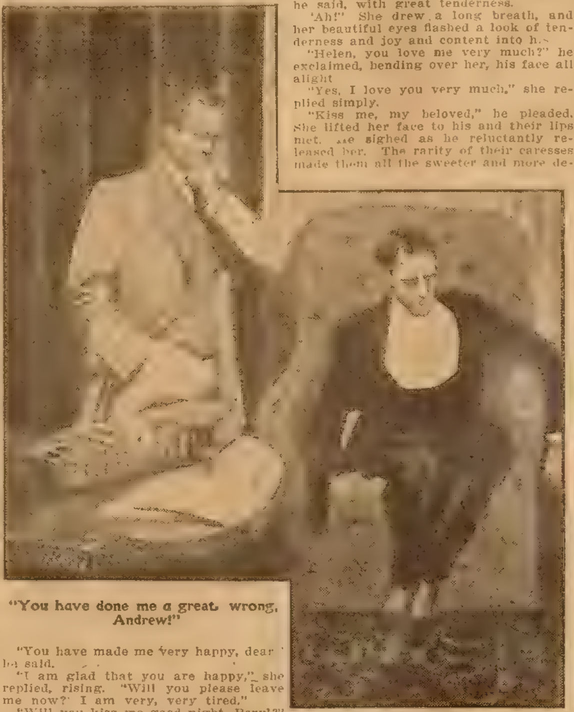
He flung himself on his knees at her feet, his white face upturned in desperate pleading. She looked down at him wonderingly. His abandonment, his abject pleading seemed to her weak and unmanly. She had fancied that he would act very differently under such conditions.

She sat for a moment or so irresolute, then, with a sigh of utter weariness, she gave up the struggle.

"Let it be as you wish," she said. "I will keep my promise and marry you at the time appointed."

A great sigh of relief burst from his lips. The color returned to his face, his eyes lighted. But the pale weariness of her face, the troubled look in her eyes, warned him to be discreet.

He lifted her hand to his lips as he arose.



"You have done me a great wrong, Andrew!"

"You have made me very happy, dear," he said.

"I am glad that you are happy," she replied, rising. "Will you please leave me now? I am very, very tired."

"Will you kiss me good night, Beryl?" he asked, going up to her.

She lifted her face and he kissed her upon the lips.

"Good night," she said, and then he went away.

CHAPTER XII.

"I AM COMING BACK TO YOU."

Rodney, the mining engineer, came into the office where Lucian sat at his desk.

"Have you finished making out that report, Mr. Earle?" he asked.

"Yes, I have just finished it, Mr. Rodney," Lucian replied.

"I find that it is necessary for that report to be submitted to Mr. Pomeroy by you in person, Mr. Earle," Rodney continued. "Can you be ready to start tomorrow morning?"

Lucian bowed.

"Yes, I can be ready," he replied.

"It will take you about a day and a night to reach Pomeroy Hall," said Rodney. "You will see Mr. Pomeroy, submit the report to him, and receive his instructions. You understand, Mr. Earle?"

"Perfectly," Lucian answered.

"You also understand that we are waiting for those instructions?" asked Rodney, pausing at the door as he was going out.

"Yes, and I shall make all possible haste."

The engineer passed out. Lucian turned again to his desk and took up his pen to resume his work, only to toss it aside after a few moments.

"I can't settle down to work this afternoon," he murmured, rising restlessly to his feet. "The thought of this trip seems to unsettle me. I have a sort of shrinking from it. I have been very happy in this quiet place, rough as it is." He smiled a little. "I suppose that it is because the glamour of love is over it all." He took his hat from a peg on the wall and went toward the door. "I could be happy here forever if she were always at my side, my own, my wife."

He sighed a little as he left the office, locking the door behind him.

When he entered the livingroom of Roddy's house he found Helen seated there, sewing. She looked up a little surprised, a faint flush coloring her pale cheeks.

"You are home early," she said.

"Yes." He dropped his hat upon the table and seated himself near her. "I am going away in the morning," he added.

She looked at him, pale and startled. "Going away?" she repeated, in a low voice.

He smiled a little, and leaning toward her, took her hand gently in his.

"I am coming back to you, my darling," he said, with great tenderness.

"Ah!" She drew a long breath, and her beautiful eyes flashed a look of tenderness and joy and content into his.

"Helen, you love me very much?" he exclaimed, bending over her, his face all alight.

"Yes, I love you very much," she replied simply.

"Kiss me, my beloved," he pleaded. She lifted her face to his and their lips met. He sighed as he reluctantly released her. The rarity of their caresses made them all the sweeter and more desirable. "I think it was your simplicity, your exquisite womanliness that first made me love you, Helen," he declared. "We are charmed by a woman's beauty and grace, attracted by her intellectuality, but it is her womanliness that awakens our love, the love that endures."

She sighed a little as she resumed her sewing. It seemed so ideal, that love of theirs that was built upon the quicksands. A flash of returning memory, and would his love not vanish like a dream that was done?

"Dear, why do you look so sad?" he asked.

She started a little, then smiled.

"I will not look sad any longer," she answered. "Will you tell me what is taking you away and where you are going?"

She took up her sewing and he told her about the trip he was to take. She listened with interest.

"This Mr. Pomeroy will be a very rich man, will he not?" she asked.

"Yes," Lucian replied; "coal is being found in large quantities."

"Lucian Pomeroy!" murmured Helen, a little dreamily. "I like the name."

"It is a patrician name. The Pomeroys are an old, blue-blooded, Virginia family," said Lucian. "Rodney was telling me that this Lucian Pomeroy had a brother who was disowned and disinherited by their father, who, it appears, was a very proud, stern man. It was never known of what the young fellow

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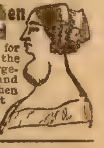

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had been guilty only that he was wild and dissipated."

"And his father never forgave him?"

"It appears not."

"Poor fellow!"

"You pity him?"

"Yes, I pity him. I pity any one who meets with no mercy at the hands of those nearest and dearest to him—his own flesh and blood—no matter of what he may have been guilty," Helen replied.

"I suppose this Andrew Pomeroy offended against the strongest attribute of his father's character—his pride," said Lucian, thoughtfully.

"I cannot understand pride being stronger than love," Helen declared, with a smile. "The first instinct of love is to forgive."

Lucian looked at her with a tender smile.

How sweet, how womanly, how tender she was! What greater happiness could life hold for him than to be spent at her side?

The next morning when Lucian came downstairs very early, he found Helen in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Roddy, who was going to drive Lucian to the station, appeared about the same time, and they sat down at the table. The meal was a silent one. Helen was pale and quiet, Roddy thoughtful, and Lucian grave. When Roddy arose and went out to hitch up the horses, Lucian turned to Helen and took her hand.

"Good-by, my dear love," he said, tenderly.

She looked up at him, and the faint smile that came about her lips was touched with great sadness. She felt a vague premonition that they two were parting for more than a few days.

"Good-by," she murmured, "God bless you, dear."

They stood for a moment with clasped hands, gazing into each other's eyes, then she gently withdrew her hand and turned away.

Lucian went out to where Roddy was waiting for him in the spring wagon. Roddy glanced at him a little curiously, as he mounted to the seat beside him.

"Looks like he was mighty sorry to go," was Roddy's mental comment.

Little was said between them until they reached the spot where Lucian had been struck down.

Roddy pointed to it with his whip.

"There's where I found you," he observed.

Lucian, curiously fascinated, gazed at the spot.

"If I were to come face to face with the man who struck me down that night, I would pass him by unrecognized," he said.

"Mabbe not," remarked Roddy. "Dr. Spence thinks that if you was brought in close association with some person or place belonging to your past life, that your memory might return like a flash."

"It is possible," murmured Lucian, and then he sat silent and thoughtful.

At the station Lucian shook hands warmly with Roddy.

"I shall never forget all that I owe to you," he said.

"Oh, I reckon any man would have done the same," declared Roddy, but there was a very friendly light in his eyes as he looked at Lucian, and the latter winced under the grip of his hand.

"I've grown to like the chap," Roddy said to himself, as he stood on the platform and watched the train disappear in the distance with an expression very like regret in his eyes. "I'll be mighty glad to see him back again."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN OF MEMORY.

"Pomeroy!" shouted the conductor, and Lucian arose, took up his satchel, and left the train. It was the evening train which arrived at Pomeroy at seven o'clock.

Lucian stood on the platform looking a little uncertainly about him. A half-grown colored boy, who was standing beside a rather nondescript vehicle, to which a lean horse was hitched, leisurely approached Lucian.

"Drive you to Pom'roy Hall, sah?" he inquired.

"How do you know I wish to go to Pomeroy Hall?" Lucian asked him.

The boy grinned.

"I done guessed it," he replied.

"Well, you made a correct guess," Lucian admitted. "I do want to go to Pomeroy Hall."

"You won't git no other buggy dis ebenin'," the boy declared, as Lucian glanced rather dubiously at his vehicle and horse. "All de buggies frum de lib'ry am 'gaged by de folks what am gwine to de weddin'."

"All right," said Lucian; "then you can drive me to Pomeroy Hall." When they were seated in the vehicle and the boy had urged the lean horse into a slow trot, Lucian remarked carelessly. "You say there is a wedding tonight?"

The boy glanced at him out of the corner of his eye as he replied: "Ya'as, Mist' Lucian Pom'roy and Miss Beryl gwine to git marr'ed tonight."

"Mr. Lucian Pomeroy is to be married tonight?" exclaimed Lucian, at once interested. "At what time?

"Eight o'clock. The darky looked around at Lucian and chuckled. "Reckon now dat you oughter know mo' 'bout dat thar weddin' dan I do, bein' as you is his brudder."

"His brother?" repeated Lucian. "What makes you think that I am Mr. Pomeroy's brother?"

"Jest frum seein' ob you, ob co'se," the darky replied, dryly. "I'd done took you fo' Mist' Lucian hisse'f ef I hadn't knowed he war at Pom'roy Hall. Done come fo' de weddin'?"

"No, I can't say that I have," Lucian replied, with a smile.

"Ain't dey 'spectin' ob you?"

"No," replied Lucian, "they are not."

"Humph!" muttered the boy.

They were passing a house, the lights from which gleamed through the trees which surrounded it.

"Who lives there?" asked Lucian.

The darky giggled.

"Reckon, now, you've done fo'got whar Miss Beryl libs?" he exclaimed, ironically.

Lucian started. Where had he heard the name before? Ah, yes, he remembered. That was the name Helen had told him he spoke so often in his delirium. And in that brilliantly lighted house was a woman, about to become a bride, whose name was—Beryl! A strange feeling stole over him. Dimly, vaguely, he saw a woman's face, beautiful, bewitching, tender, and he knew that it was the face of the woman whose name was Beryl!

"Heah we is at Pom'roy Hall!"

Lucian started. They had turned in at the gates of a stately white mansion.

"Stop and let me out," said Lucian. "I'll walk up to the house."

The darky stopped his horse. Lucian got out, paid the darky, and went on toward the house.

The boy looked after him reflectively.

"My golly! he am de berry image ob Mist' Lucian Pom'roy," he murmured. "I wonder ef Miss Beryl can tell 'em 'part? Gwine to take his brudder by 'sprise, I reckon." He chirruped to his horse and drove on.

Lucian walked slowly toward the house. He passed up the steps and on to the portico. The wide front doors stood open. He paused upon the threshold.

A man, in evening dress, with a white flower in his coat, was coming down the winding stairway. Lucian looked at him; then, slowly, as though fascinated, he moved toward the stairway. The man, descending, stooped as though suddenly turned to stone, a terrible change coming over his face.

Lucian stood gazing up at the ghastly, terror-stricken face, and the mists that obscured the past melted away.

"Andrew!" he cried, aloud.

The guilty man gave a convulsive start. Under the grave, questioning eyes fixed upon him, he cowered and trembled. For a moment they stood thus, then Lucian spoke.

"Come," he said, and turning, went toward the library.

Mechanically Andrew followed him.

In the library, Lucian turned and looked at him, more sadly and reproachfully than accusingly.

"So you tried to murder me?" he said. "And believing that you were successful, you stole my identity. But——"

"I have known for a month that you were alive," muttered Andrew, hoarsely. "I made inquiries when I received that letter from—Richard Earle."

"And learning that I had lost all recollection of the past, you fancied that you were still safe. But God has given me back my memory. I have come in time to prevent your making Beryl your wife!"

An oath left Andrew's lips. He made a movement as though to spring at Lucian's throat, but under the steady, half-contemptuous look in Lucian's eyes the frenzy of rage changed quickly to abject despair. He dropped into a chair and broke into womanish sobs.

"Be a man! Control yourself," Lucian said, after a moment.

Andrew looked at him with haggard, hopeless eyes.

"You will tell Beryl—the truth?" he questioned, miserably.

Lucian considered a moment before answering.

"If it can be helped—no," he replied.

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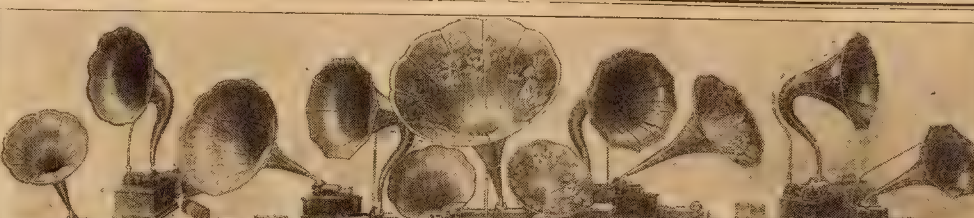

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Andrew stared in amazement. "You have done me a great wrong, Andrew." He paused. Again he seemed to hear Helen's sweet, gentle voice and the words, "I pity any one who meets with no mercy at the hands of his own flesh and blood, no matter of what he may have been guilty." He suppressed a bitter sigh and turned again to Andrew. "But I have no desire to punish you; and if I had such a desire, in punishing you I would be forced to bring notoriety, shame, and dishonor upon the name of Pomeroy. So the world must never know."

"But there is one who must know—Beryl," whispered Andrew, a spasm of pain crossing his face.

"No," said Lucian, quietly, "she need never know."

"What do you mean?" cried Andrew, rising to his feet. "We were to have been married tonight, and now, there will be no wedding."

"You are mistaken," said Lucian. "There will be a wedding tonight."

* * * * * *

She came to meet him, very pale, but wondrously lovely in her white bridal robes. Yet for the moment there flashed between him and the bewitching face under the bridal veil another face—pale, quiet, with lovely, pathetic gray eyes beneath heavy masses of dusky hair. A sharp pang pierced his heart; then resolutely he banished that face.

"Beryl!" he said, holding out his hand.

She looked at him half wonderingly, her breath quickening.

"Lucian?" she whispered, and her arms went out to him.

He drew her to him very gently, lifted the bridal veil, and kissed her upon the lips

She clung to him, clasping her arms about his neck.

"Lucian, my beloved!" she murmured, passionately. "Oh, forgive me! I know now that I love you with all my heart, with all my soul!"

* * * * * *

While the words were being spoken that made Beryl Lucian's wife, Andrew, again an outcast from home and kindred, left Pomeroy Hall forever.

'Go,' Lucian had said to him, "and never let me look upon your face again It bears upon it the brand of Cain."

A few years of recklessness and wild dissipation, during which he squandered the substantial sum of money Lucian had given him the night he left Pomeroy Hall, and the end came. A wild debauch, the hospital, death; and a nameless grave.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAREWELL.

"Mr. Lucian Pomeroy is married," said Daniel Roddy, coming into the room where Helen was sitting. She looked up quickly. "I just heard it from Rodney," Roddy continued. "He was wondering whether Earle caught him before he started on his wedding tour. By the way," taking a letter from his pocket, "here's a letter for you. It's from Earle, I reckon."

He handed her the letter, and passed on into the kitchen.

She sat for some time with the letter in her hands, unopened, looking down upon it with a faint, happy smile about her lips. He had not said that he would write, and the letter came as a delicious surprise.

At length, with a soft sigh, she broke the seal.

The letter was very brief and the happy light died out of her eyes, and the soft faint flush from her cheeks, as she read:

"Helen:—The dark curtain that hid the past has suddenly lifted. The name I spoke so often in my delirium is the name of the woman to whom I was betrothed. When you receive this she will be my wife. God bless you! Farewell!"

When Roddy returned to the room, he found Helen sitting very quietly with the letter in her lap.

"Well, when is Earle coming back?" he asked.

She looked up at him very quietly.

"He is not coming back, father," she replied.

"Not coming back?" cried Roddy, sharply.

'No' She handed him the letter.

He read it, and something like an oath left his lips.

"I wish I had left him there by the roadside!" he cried.

'You don't mean that, I know, father," she declared, with a faint smile.

"You was happy till he came, and now he's gone and spoiled your life," said Roddy.

"Don't worry, father." She laid her hand tenderly on his arm. "You are wrong, my life is not spoiled. It is true I love him," she went on, after a slight hesitation, "but I knew it was hopeless, that the past stood between us, and might any day claim him. It has claimed him."

Roddy sighed impatiently.

"Then there is nothing for you to do but forget him, my girl," he declared.

She turned away in silence, for she knew that she would never forget.

* * * * * *

A year later. Again nature was decked in the rich hues of autumn and the red glow of the sunset lay upon the white walls of Pomeroy Hall.

A son had been born that day to Lucian Pomeroy, but there was no rejoicing at Pomeroy Hall over the birth of an heir, for the young mother and its beautiful young mistress lay dying.

"Dear," she murmured, looking up into Lucian's face as he knelt beside her, "you must not grieve too much. I have been so happy, and perhaps God does not intend that His creatures should know such perfect happiness in this world."

"Thank God that I have made you happy, my darling!" he exclaimed, almost passionately. "I do not think I could bear this sorrow, Beryl, if I had failed to make you happy."

"We thought to spend many happy years together," she said. "But God willed it otherwise. You will have our little child, Lucian, and some day, you will bring another bride to Pomeroy Hall."

"Beryl, don't!" he implored.

"You are young, Lucian; you must not spend your life alone." She was silent for a little while, and he knelt with bowed head, his lips pressed to the beautiful golden hair flowing over the pillow "Take me in your arms, Lucian," she murmured, at length. "I feel as though I could sleep."

He lifted her to his breast. She smiled, and after a moment, her eyes closed.

Mammy came into the room with the newborn child in her arms. Lucian looked up at her and whispered:

"Take away the child, Mammy. It might cry and awaken Beryl. She is sleeping."

Mammy looked down at the lovely white face on his breast.

"Ya'as, Marse Lucian, she am sleepin'," she said, "but she nebber gwine to wake up no mo'."

* * * * * *

A quiet, pale-faced woman, with beautiful gray eyes and heavy dark hair, is the mistress of Pomeroy Hall. Beryl's beautiful, golden-haired boy loves her and calls her "mother."

"How unlike she is to his first wife," people are wont to remark.

But Mammy, as she sometimes watches Lucian bending over his wife, murmurs to herself: "He nebber lubbed Miss Beryl lak he does dis heah one!" The end.

* * *

About People.

Captain Scott's south polar expedition, far away in the Antarctic, encountered some bad weather on its way south from New Zealand. Says the Geographical Journal: "When only three days out, at the beginning of December, the heavily laden vessel encountered a severe southwesterly gale, and was for a time in a serious position, the seas washing away part of her bulwarks and starting some of the deck cargo. The pumps becoming choked and the water finding its way into the engineroom, it was necessary to put out the fires and bail for many hours with buckets. The weather, however, moderated, when it was found that the losses consisted of two ponies, one dog and some of the deck cargo." His ship, the Terra Nova, returned to New Zealand late in March, leaving Captain Scott in the icy wilderness.

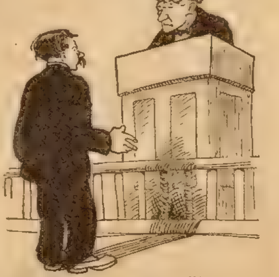
Leopoldina Futchel, a Vienna woman, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for abusing Empress Maria Theresa, who died in 1780. Frau Futchel, who had been ordered by the police court to be expelled from Vienna for some offense, heard from a fellow prisoner in her cell that the law providing for expulsion from a town was passed in Maria Theresa's reign. She then relieved her feelings by violent abuse of the great Empress, not knowing or not caring that under the Austrian law the ancestors of the Emperor are protected from "unduly unfavorable criticism, written or spoken, for 200 years back."

Judge Allen of the Court of Common Pleas, sitting in Muskogee, Okla., has issued an order to the effect that before a man is accepted as a juror, in that court he shall certify that he has taken a bath within the twenty-four hours immediately preceding.

* * *

A good gift is a joy forever. At least for a year. See what it is, on page 23.

* * *



The Judge—Are you guilty or not guilty?

The Accused—Not guilty, your honor. I can prove a lullaby.

The Judge—You mean an alibi.

The Accused—Nope. A lullaby. I was at home putting the baby to sleep.

TYPEWRITERS GIVEN AWAY.

The Emerson Typewriter Co. of Woodstock, Ill., have recently given away over 400 of the highest grade, wholly visible typewriters made in the world. They have gone into every state and territory in the United States. There may be some in your town. They are giving them away everywhere to men and women, boys and girls, over eighteen years of age, on surprisingly liberal conditions.

If you can make any use of $100.00 typewriter, providing it did not cost you even one cent, then in a letter or on a postal card addressed to "Frank B. Wilder, President, Woodstock, Ill." Simply say, "Mail me all your Free Offers," and by return mail you will receive their Free Offers, the names of over 400 who have just received typewriters free, and you will learn how you can get one of their typewriters free right away.

* * *

Not What He Expected.

"Darling," he murmured, "whatever induced you to care for a fellow like me."

"I really don't know, George," she replied. "Pa threatens to send me to a brain specialist."

* * *

FREE LAND.

Another allotment of very choice valley fruit land, is now ready for distribution. Write immediately to the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 1512, Pittsburgh, Pa., for application blanks. The only requirement is that five acres be planted in fruit trees within five years. Authorized improvement companies will plant the trees at reasonable prices, and market the fruit for the owner's on shares.

* * *

Not a Rash Promiser.

"He never makes any promises he may not be able to keep."

"So?"

"No, when he borrows money from you he never tells you when he'll pay it back."

* * *

FREE TREATMENT FOR FITS.

Dr. F. E. Grant 530 Raymond Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., has a treatment for Epilepsy, or Fits, which is pronounced most wonderful by people who have used it. He will send a free 16 oz. bottle to anyone suffering with this disease.

If you suffer from this trouble, write him at once, giving age, length of time you have been suffering, and your express office.

* * *

Not Necessarily Sharp.

Mr. Pompous—See that fellow? That's the miserable low-down sharper who cheated me in a horse trade.

Mr. Hardhead—That fellow? Why, I know him. He's a perfect fool.

* * *

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take Juven Pills. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z)

* * *

Not an Exceptional Case.

Mrs. A.—Is your husband all you thought he was?

Mrs. B.—Pretty much; but I've found out that he's a whole lot short of what he thinks himself to be.

* * *

$5 WHISKEY FOR ONLY 12C.

Because of a fight which the Mail Order Whiskey Trust is making on him, M. Marcel of 1900 Main St., Kansas City, Mo., has published a book in which he prints the trade formula of the Trust and exposes its secrets, showing that the whiskey they sell for from $3 to $5 per gallon costs only 10c to 12c to make. He sends the book free to all who write for it.

* * *

Something Back of It.

"He'll never marry. He's an embittered old bachelor."

Yes; he's so thoroughly embittered that I think he must have been married before."

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

What Christmas present pleases the most and lasts the longest? Look at page 23 and find out.

Are You in Ill Health?

Address this company and ascertain if your troubles can be cured by the new application of Electro-Magnetism. It has cured thousands of cases already and may cure yours at very small cost. Electricity properly applied kills disease germs. Costs nothing to inquire. Address The Electro Therapeutic Co., Box 477, So. Norwalk, Conn.

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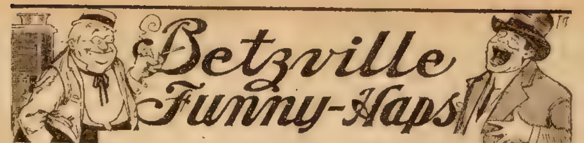
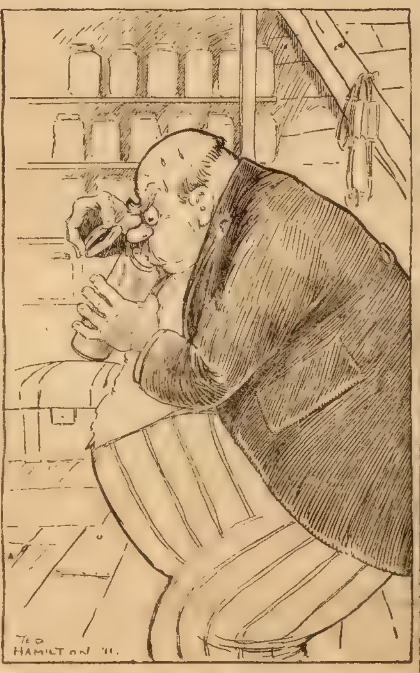


Ashdod Clute's Last Breath

By Ellis Parker Butler


TED HAMILTON '11.

He would hold a breath until his eyes lopped out on his cheeks.

Uncle Ashdod Clute enjoyed pretty fair health until he received the pink-covered patent medicine booklet from the city last March, and then, all at once, he realized that he was one of the sickest men in Betzville. He saw that he had eighteen of the nineteen deadly diseases, and he had hopes that he could gather up the other two symptoms before fall and make a clean record of it. He got all ready to die as soon as the other two symptoms appeared, for he is such a tough old codger that he knew no less than nineteen deadly diseases would have any effect on him, and he would probably be dead now if he hadn't started to read a serial story in the inside of the Betzville Weekly News.

As soon as he got interested in the serial story he wanted to live until he saw how it ended, and he grew anxious about his death, and wrote a letter to a fortune-teller in the city and asked when he was going to die. He told all his symptoms and how many deadly diseases he had, and his case must have looked sort of hopeless to the fortune-teller, for he got a letter back saying Uncle Ashdod's last breath would mingle with the atmosphere of Betzville during the next thirty days. And then, as a sort of balm, the fortune-teller said that if his last breath didn't mingle in the next thirty days, Uncle Ashdod was probably so tough he would live forever.

Any ordinary man would have lost hope upon receiving such a prediction, but Uncle Ashdod is not an ordinary man. He saw immediately that he had a chance for life if he could keep his last breath from mingling with the atmosphere of Betzville during the next thirty days, and his first thought was that he would move over to Clutestown for four or five weeks, but he was afraid that if he did he might miss a copy of the Betzville Weekly News, so he gave that up. Then he saw that if he could just know when he was ready to breathe his last breath, and could step outside of the town limits to breathe it, and breathe it where the wind was blowing away from town, there might still be a chance for him, if his breath could keep ahead of the wind, so that the atmosphere of Betzville wouldn't catch up with it and mingle. But the trouble was to know when his last breath was going to be breathed.

He got a lot of advice on it from some of Betzville's most prominent citizens, but nothing that seemed of any practical value, until Sigma Stephens spoke up. Sigma said it was the luckiest thing in the world that he had overstocked with glass preserve bottles that year, and that he would sell the lot to Uncle Ashdod at half price, including the rubber bands and tops, so they would be air-tight. Then, if Uncle Ashdod just breathed every breath into a preserve bottle and immediately screwed the lid on tight, he would be sure to have his last breath safely bottled up so that it couldn't mingle with any atmosphere whatever.

This seemed a good idea to Uncle Ashdod, being common sense and practical, so he bought a lot of preserve bottle, quarts and half quarts, and began to breathe his breaths into them right here.

Of course it was a little inconvenient for a man as active as Uncle Ashdod, because he had to take a wheelbarrow loaded with bottles wherever he went, and sometimes when he would run out of bottles we would see him scooting for home lickety-spit for a bottle to breathe into, and as red in the face from holding his breath as a snow-apple, but it worked out all right.

Once he got his breath into a bottle he was mighty careful of that bottle, and he didn't leave any bottles around where they might get damaged. He carried them all up to his attic and stood them in rows, and it got to be a familiar sight to see Uncle Ashdod going around with a preserve bottle pressed against the front of his face. The way he hustled to get the lid on those bottles after his breath was in them was an example to lazy folks. He got so he could make the coupling in one-tenth of a second by the watch. And every night the last thing he did was to go up to the attic and tighten up all the lids and listen to see if any of them were leaking.

The third day he broke a bottle, and that was the only worry he really had. For all he knew that was the bottle that had his last breath in it, but he couldn't be sure until the month was up, for he was scheduled to die at no particular time during the month, and it might be the very last day.

Along during the last week he had a bad fright. We saw he was running short of bottles, and that they wouldn't last out at the rate he was using them, so he began to take shorter breaths. He would hold a breath until his eyes lopped out on his cheeks and the perspiration stood on the end of his nose and his face was dark purple, and he took such short breaths that he was able to get two in a bottle, but even that was no use. He did run out of bottles.

Then he spent all his time in the attic, for luckily he had only half-filled some of the earlier bottles and he breathed short last breaths into those, so they were pretty full. Sometimes there was so little room in a bottle that he had to divide a breath and put half into each of two partly filled bottles.

The last day came at length, and Uncle Ashdod spent it in the attic with the breath-bottles all around him. But the street before his house was crowded with all the elite and chivalry of Betzville waiting to see if the bottle Uncle Ashdod had broken was the one with his last breath in it. The general opinion was that it was, and nearly every one had made bets that way, so we were hoping that when the time was up, at noon, we would hear a dull thud in the attic. But we didn't. At exactly 12:01 Uncle Ashdod came to the attic window and stuck his head out and breathed one long breath that lasted six minutes. There were a few cheers from those that had won their bets, but most of us turned away disgusted.

Uncle Ashdod has one preserve bottle on his what-not that he claims has his genuine last breath in it, and he is as proud of it as pumpkins, but we don't take any stock in it. We may be mistaken, but according to our notion Uncle Ashdod hasn't drawn his last breath yet.

Next week's Betzville Funny-Hap will be the story of "Mrs. Fluenza Claggin's Goose." Be sure and read it. There are a lot of the Betzville stories to come. You'd better subscribe and get them all.

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Mr. and Mrs. Moon.

(Continued from page four.)

gyrations to recover his balance—and his hat—that a casual observer might have taken him for a victim of St. Vitus' dance.

Mrs. Moon was not long in learning this final outrage of the reckless medical gentleman. It might well appear as though the doctor was attempting to obtain practice by scandalous means.

"That's your fine doctor indeed, Timothy Moon!" she cried, shattering the harmonious atmosphere of the Moon flat at this point. "And he's gone out, the rapscallion, and left folks to break their necks on our doorstep! Somebody's got to do something about it."

Timothy uprose and flung down the Sunday sheet in disgust. He knew by his wife's tone that "somebody" meant him.

"Hang the dog-dratted women, anyway!" was his chaste ejaculation. He trotted to the kitchen, grabbed up the scuttle of ashes, removed that morning from the kitchen range, and with the shovel descended to the street doorway. Being boss of the tenement carried with it some responsibilities that were soul-racking

He scooped out a shovelful of ashes, and with this poised in one hand and the scuttle in the other, he planted a firm boot upon the top step. His haste and vexation brought about catastrophe.

The apparition of a man in his Sunday clothes, a coal-scuttle and a shovel in either hand, attempting to dance the can-can on a tenement-house step startled the street full of church-goers. It was but for a moment. Then, with a crash, Timothy came to hard-pan, and on his stern took step after step, winding up this remarkable exhibition by skating across the sidewalk and into the gutter. After the first crash he was surrounded by a thick cloud of ashes, most of which settled on his clothing, went down his neck and the bosom of his shirt, covering his person generally. Few, if any, settled on the ice which had been the cause of the catastrophe.

For a moment he was too amazed and shocked for speech or movement. Then he stiffly scrambled up, feeling the jar in every nerve. A halo of ash-dust accompanied him as he moved. The whole street was a-giggle, and wherever Timothy looked he beheld the countenances of his neighbors and the passers-by a-stretch.

But his dignity was proof against even this. He had clung to both shovel and scuttle, and with them he limped back across the walk and in at the door. The other occupants of the tenements, drawn by the occasion, fell back before him and let him pass, wordless in awe if not in sympathy. His coat was split up the back; his trousers were a sight; much of the ash-dust had been caught in his bosom, and vest, shirt and tie were of a single hue.

Timothy marched up the stairs without a sound escaping him. His self-control was really marvelous—it was more than human. He exhibited to all beholders the mien of the superhuman!

And then Mrs. Moon met him at the top of the flight, clasped her hands, and shrieked: "Oh, Timmie! did it hurt you?"

That was the final stroke—the last straw! Mr. Moon's awful majesty faded; the floodgates of his wrath were opened, and naturally the deluge descended upon the head of his astonished lady.

"Hurt me? Of course not! Not in the least! I do that for exercise. I have been ordered to do it after breakfast every morning, so as to be assured of a good digestion. It's the only thing that keeps me out of me grave, Mahala. If I didn't do that, you'd be spendin' the legacy and me life insurance as well, and git a chance to wear them widder's weeds you've got saved up against the day of me demise."

"Why, Timmie, I'm sorry," fluttered Mrs. Moon, waddling backward into the kitchen before his irate approach, and falling into the first chair she came to.

"And all because youse couldn't let well enough alone!" exclaimed Timothy. "Look at me! Ain't I a sight? What business is it of ours if the whole neighborhood falls on our sidewalk and breaks their condemned necks? I wish they would!" he added, his mind attuned to slaughter. "Here! you get me me ev'ry day clo'es, will ye?"

But after his wife had hurried away on the errand, and he had pulled off his ruined outer clothing and his shirt, he hobbled over to the bureau himself for another. Facing him was the bunch of lilacs he had brought to his wife the evening before, stuck into a tall glass vase. The look of them and his memory of the thought that prompted their purchase, sickened Mr. Moon. He seized the flowers, threw open the nearest window, and flung them down the air-shaft as his wife returned

The voice of the turtle-dove was completely silenced.

In next week's Ledger another story about Mr. and Mrs. Moon will appear, called "The Canine Catastrophe." A series of these humorous stories will appear in future issues. If you are not getting the Ledger regularly we would like to have your name on our subscription list. The Ledger will be more entertaining than ever during the coming year. Better subscribe.

* * *

A Detective Pirate.

(Continued from page seven.)

"Yes?" Jarden did not try to hide his surprise.

"Yes," the Captain confessed, "I was weak enough to listen to Norton when he told me to eavesdrop at your window. I heard what he said, and what you said. And it made me mad, after the way I'd taken you in, to be taken in by you in such a way. You'll have to admit that there have been several suspicious things about you, Mr. Penrose, and—"

"Nothing I cannot explain," interrupted Jarden.

"I was going to give you a chance to explain," Arnold continued, "but since Norton showed the white feather, I've been doing some thinking about him, and I've come to the conclusion that a lot of the things he said and tried to make you admit may be construed very differently from the way he tried to make me see them. So," he seemed greatly relieved, "that's all there is to it for the present. I'm going to give you a chance to prove he's a liar. What I said yesterday about your keeping the place still holds good."

Jarden again felt the embarrassment of undeserved trust. He stammered: "You are very good to me, Captain Arnold. I hope I'll not make you sorry."

"I'm not afraid, Mr. Penrose. Anyway, I'll have only myself to blame, because I'm going into it with my eyes open. Only," he hesitated, "there's one thing I will ask you, Mr. Penrose. I've noticed you've been quite taken with Isabel—and I don't blame you—but I'll ask you not to see any more of her than is necessary, and not to—well, you understand?'

"Yes," Jarden was meek. "I understand. "I'll not promise to control my thoughts, Captain, but I'll promise to try to control my tongue. That's the least I can do after your proof of confidence in me."

Captain Arnold gave him a mighty slap. "My boy, I want you to prove yourself worthy of that confidence. And if you feel your feet slipping, just come to me and I'll do all I can to brace you up. I guess you've had considerable trouble in your rolling-stone sort of life; maybe most of it has been your own fault. But when a man wants to be better, I'm glad to help him."

"Thank you, Captain."

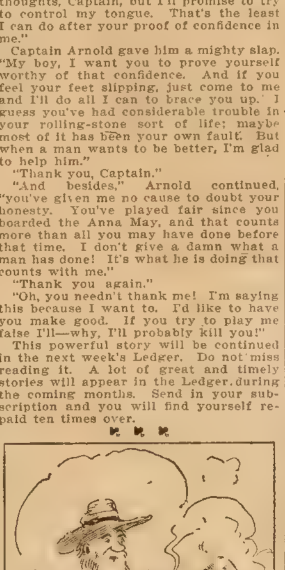
"And besides," Arnold continued, "you've given me no cause to doubt your honesty. You've played fair since you boarded the Anna May, and that counts more than all you may have done before that time. I don't give a damn what a man has done! It's what he is doing that counts with me."

"Thank you again."

"Oh, you needn't thank me! I'm saying this because I want to. I'd like to have you make good. If you try to play me false I'll—why, I'll probably kill you!"

This powerful story will be continued in the next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

* * *



Tom Binks—So you got buncoed on that educated horse you bought from the circus people, eh?

Lew Hawz—Yep. He thinks he's too smart t' pull a plow an' I ain't got no office work fer him t' do

* * *

Use of Hair Splitter.

"The Hair-Splitter has his uses," Judge Ben B. Lindsey once declared in an address at a boys' Fourth of July picnic in Denver. "Don't despise the hair-splitter; there is usually something in what he says."

Judge Lindsey held up an orange.

"I once asked a boy," he continued, "which he would rather have—one-half of an orange or eight-sixteenths.

"'One-half,' he replied.

"I smiled, for I thought I had him.

"'And why?' I said.

"'Because,' said he, 'with the sixteenths you would lose nearly all the juice.'"

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John A. Smith and His Remarkable Rheumatism Remedy Cured Himself First and Now Proposes to Cure the World.

A Box of This Great Remedy Mailed Free to Any Suffering Reader Who Will Send Name and Address.

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On the theory "that seeing is believing," John A. Smith, of Milwaukee, wants everyone to try his remedy for the cure of rheumatism at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute 50,000 free boxes among all persons sending him their address. Mr. Smith had suffered all the agony and torture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies known and yet utterly failed to find relief.

Deformity of the Hands in General Chronic Articular Rheumatism.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism and after much experimenting, finally found a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new found remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends, relatives and neighbors suffering from rheumatism were next cured and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one, as nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Seguin, Texas, U. S. A., wrote him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered over thirty years and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy anything more, until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent, he purchased more and the result was astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea and ever since that time he has been sending out free sample boxes to all who apply.

At National Military Home, Kansas, it cured a veteran of rheumatism in hips and knees. In Hannaford, N. Dak., it cured a gentleman who writes: "Since taking 'Gloria Tonic' I am as supple as a boy." In Stayner, Ont., it enabled a lady to discard her crutches. In Westerly, R. I., R. R. No. 1, it cured a farmer 72 years old. In Molalla, Oregon, it cured a lady 73 years of age who had suffered for thirty years. In Sumner, Iowa, it cured a lady after suffering thirty-four years. In Elm Grove, Wis., "Gloria Tonic" cured a severe case of Sciatica. Even prominent physicians had to admit that "Gloria Tonic" is a positive success, among them Doctor Quintero of the University of Venezuela, to whom it was recommended by the United States Consul. In hundreds of other instances the result has been the same. It cured many cases which defied Hospitals, Drugs and Electricity, among them persons of upwards eighty years of age.

Mr. Smith will send a trial box, also his book on rheumatism, absolutely free of charge to any reader of The Blade, for he is anxious that everybody should profit by his good fortune. Mr. Smith's address in full is:

JOHN A. SMITH,
6181 Smith Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

32 PHOTOS—Art, Actress, Bathing Girl, etc., B. KING COMPANY, ANDOVER, OHIO 10c

THE FAIRY CORNER

Steam.

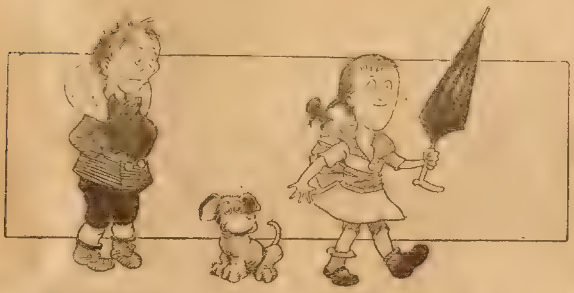
Doubtless the hour in James Watt's life by which he is best known to the world was that evening in his father's house at Greenock, when, a boy of 14, the future developer of the steam engine flushed over the sharp but unmerited rebuke of his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, who reproved him for what she considered idleness.

"James Watt," said the worthy but [illegible] I never saw such an idle boy as you are. Take a book or employ yourself usefully. For the last hour you have not spoken a word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, catching and counting the drops it falls [illegible] many minds in the light of subsequent events, the little James Watt before the kettle was preparing the discoveries that were soon to immortalize him. Samuel Smiles does not think so. Says he: "The judgment of the boy's aunt was the truest. There is no reason to suppose that the mind of the boy was occupied with philosophical theories on the condensation of steam which he compassed with so much difficulty in maturer years. The probability is that little James was as idle as he seemed."

Be that as it may, in the eyes of the general public James Watt is as famous seated before the kettle as is George Washington under the traditional cherry tree. Watt has a juster fame in the eyes of scientific and practical men as a true inventor.

"The part he played," says M. Bataille, "in the practical application of the force of steam can be compared only to that of Newton in astronomy and of Shakespeare in poetry. It is when we compare Watt with other mechanicians that we are struck by his immense superiority—when we compare him with Smeaton, who was, perhaps, after him, the man who had advanced the farthest in industrial mechanism. Smeaton began about the same time as Watt his inquiries as to the best means of improving the steam engine."

CAREFUL JANE.



I must run into the parlor with sister's new umbrella
For Mr. Brown has come to call (I heard the maid just tell her.)
"And she will surely need it," said Jane in tones intense.
"Because I know that Mr. Brown is showering compliments."

THE LITTLE WIDOW

A Mighty Good Sort of Neighbor to Have.

"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.

"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief.

"I liked Grape-Nuts food from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In 2 months my weight increased from 95 to 113 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly, and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change.

"My 4-year-old had eczema very bad last spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft clear skin. The Grape-Nuts diet did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Tot Wit.

"My grandpa had a perplexity fit yesterday," said small Dorothy.

"Perplexity fit!" echoed little Clarice. "You mean a parallel stroke, don't you?"

"Now, Elmer," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the meal we eat in the morning called?"

"Oatmeal," was the prompt reply.

One day small Harold came running into the house and, holding up a horseshoe he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, some poor horse lost one of his tracks and I found it."

Little Fred was telling his father about a peculiar stone he had found while at play in the back yard.

"How big was it?" asked his father.

"Oh, about as big as a good sized small apple," replied Fred.

It was one of those warm days in the early spring, when 4-year-old Thelma, who had been playing on the lawn, ran into the house and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, please take off some of my clothes! I'm a whole petticoat too hot!"

❧

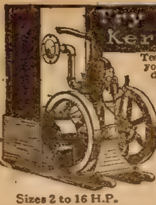
Brothers.

Ee and Chi were two young princes to an ancient kingdom of China called the Lone Bamboo kingdom, for in olden times China, like Britain, was split up into a number of little kingdoms, which often went to war with one another.

When the king was about to die, instead of commanding that his eldest son, Ee, should become king, he said that Chi, his third and favorite son, should rule. Afterward, however, Chi would not consent to be king, for, he said, that would be putting himself above his elder brother, whom he loved and urged to take the crown. But Ee replied, "Did not our father command that you were to be king?" And, in order to put an end to the discussion he ran away from home. Thus, says the historian, Ee disobeyed not his father, while Chi kept true the relationship that should exist between brothers. Both felt that brotherly love was greater than a throne. The two princes, runs the story, met on the great Sun mountain, and lived together in hiding until their death.

❧

A man isn't necessarily polished just because you can see his finish.



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A Countess' Hatred	*M. T. Caldor*	Adventure with a Madman	[illegible]
The Puritan Captain	*Jane G. Austin*	The Haunted House at Winslow	*Arthur L. Meserve*
My Sister Marion	*Louise Chandler Moulton*	Little Miss Ugly	*Thomas Dunn English*
The Day of My Death	*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*	Mystery of the Blue Room	*Mary Kyle Dallas*
A Protracted Meeting	*Mary E. [illegible]*	A Beautiful Sinner	[illegible]
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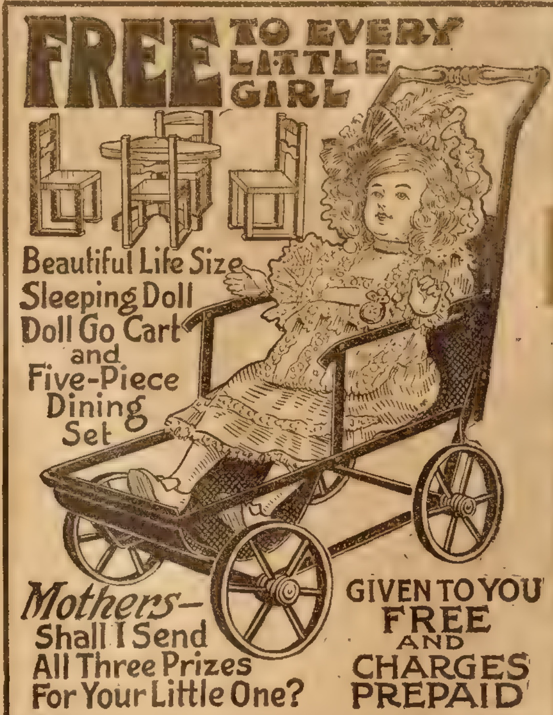
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SEND NO MONEY Just send me your name and address, and I will send you, by return mail, all charges prepaid, 12 packages of my beautifully colored **and artistic** Gold and Embossed Souvenir Post Cards to distribute among your **friends**, who will be eager to buy them from you **in connection with any special offer.** Then send me money collected and I will ship you, by Express, **all charges prepaid**, this Big, Beautiful Sleeping Doll, Go-Cart and Dining Set, exactly as described. Remember, you receive **all three prizes** without one cent of cost to you. Just an hour's easy work, that's all. Don't delay. Send me your name today. If you do not care to distribute the cards after receiving them, I will send you postage for their return. If you are not more than delighted with the prizes, I will cheerfully refund every cent of money you send me. Address at once.

Prize Doll Headquarters, Dept. 19, Topeka, Kansas

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

TOM OF STONY POINT;

Or, Fighting With Mad Anthony

By CAPTAIN JACK JUDSON

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]
Begun in No. 48, Dec. 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE LION'S DEN.

STONY POINT was a strong fortification which overlooked the Hudson. Some time previous to the opening of our story it had fallen into the hands of the British, who had strengthened it and considered it impregnable.

It was commanded by Colonel Johnson, one of the bravest officers in the King's service. His English grenadiers were the best troops in America at the time, and besides this, he had under his flag a lot of Tories who had volunteered to help the King's cause.

It was not believed that it could be stormed, but General Wayne told Washington that he would undertake the feat, for he knew the bravery of his men. Wayne was just the man to perform such a daring feat, for he had already fought gallantly in many battles, and especially at Monmouth, where he had performed many deeds of valor. He had won the title of "Mad Anthony" by his heroic service, for he always led his men in person, and never lagged when there was desperate work to do.

Such was the state of affairs when Tom Hewlett set out to get into the fort and play the hazardous role of spy, in order to make General Wayne's attempt easier. It was a very dangerous piece of business, for should he be discovered, his young life would pay the forfeit

Tom was helped on his way for some distance by Timmens, the farmer, who took a great liking to him because of his victory over Abel Chalk the Tory lad who had attempted to take his apples.

Timmens was obliged to stop at the mill where he was to unload his grist, and Tom, alighting from the wagon, helped him until the last sack was in the mill. Then he thanked the old Tory for his assistance, and taking his basket, trudged along the winding road toward Stony Point.

He was free from foes at last. He knew that Abel had not penetrated his disguise, but had he not dealt summarily with the lad, he might have been unmasked at the very threshold of his dangerous undertaking

All at once he was confronted by a British picket, who presented his musket and demanded to know who he was and why he was alone in that vicinity. Tom put a bold face on the matter

"I'm Eben Norris," said he, looking the sentry fair in the face, "and I have apples to sell to his majesty's troops."

"A King's boy, eh?" queried the soldier, looking wistfully at the luscious contents of the basket

"Why not?" answered Tom. "Do you think I would be here if I were a Rebel?"

"Stony Point isn't a healthy place for Rebels just now," and the soldier took the apple which Tom thrust forward

"I dare say it is not, sir."

"What are the Rebels doing at Sandy Beach?"

"A good deal of blustering, I should say," said Tom.

The man laughed.

"They say old Mad Anthony wants to come up here."

"I don't know, sir."

"We wish he would," continued the Britisher, biting into the apple. "We'll give him the warmest reception he ever had."

"I don't doubt it."

"Your apples are excellent," the soldier grunted. "So you want to turn an honest penny in the fort?"

"Yes, sir."

"You look like a good young Loyalist, but you haven't got the countersign."

"Of course I haven't," Tom replied. "Does one have to have it to get in?"

"Such are the commandant's orders, but you look honest."

Tom's heart was in his throat. Was he to fail on the very threshold of success?

"I'll take the responsibility," the sentry said. "My name is Ted Bolingbroke of the grenadiers."

"Well, Master Bolingbroke, if you can't pass me I'll have to trudge home with my load."

Tom put on as disconsolate a look as possible, and it turned the scales in his favor.

"You'll have to have it out with the inner line," the soldier went on, "but since you have passed Ted, I don't think you'll have much trouble."

Thereupon the guard stepped aside, and Tom was within the enemy's lines.

He moved forward up the steep hill upon which the fort itself was perched. Presently he came to the real guard and was halted as before.

"The picket passed me," Tom said, when the musket was directed at his breast. "He's a good fellow, is Master Bolingbroke, and he found my apples very toothsome."

The guard sampled Tom's fruit, and in his enjoyment of it almost forgot the boy's presence.

"I hope the Colonel will like your apples," he said between bites. "They don't taste like Rebel apples."

A minute later Tom was in the lion's den.

Without betraying any curiosity he walked across the drill ground trying to single out the headquarters of Colonel Johnson. Everywhere he found soldiers lounging about in their brilliant uniforms, and the sight was a wonder to his eyes.

"Ho, there, youngster," bawled out a harsh voice. "What sort of eatables have you got?"

Tom paused and looked at the speaker. The British sergeant was surrounded by a lot of men, all of whom surged toward the young apple seller. Eager hands reached for the basket, but Tom drew it away indignantly.

"Colonel Johnson is to have first pick," he cried. "After that I will sell you what I have left."

"You needn't be so gruff about it," replied the sergeant. "We're able to confiscate your stock, even at the Colonel's expense."

"You'd better not try it, sir!" exclaimed Tom. "Show me where I'll find the commandant, and I'll thank you all."

"Yonder is his flag, and there you'll find his quarters."

Tom had already noticed the flag that bore the arms of England, and withdrawing from the hungry soldiers he moved toward it

A headquarters guard was pacing up and down in front of Colonel Johnson's apartments, and upon catching sight of the boy he lowered his polished musket and demanded to know who he was.

"Apples for Colonel Johnson," replied Tom fearlessly.

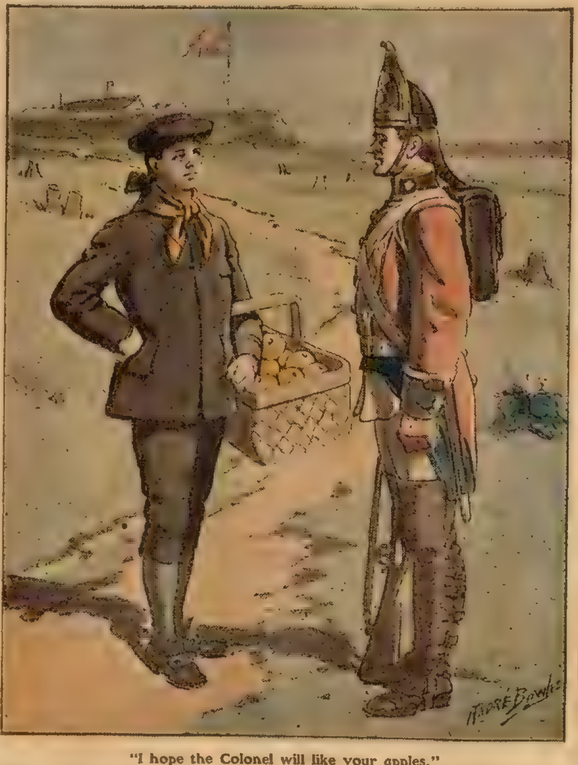
"And none for me?"

"Yes, one of the reddest," and Tom tossed an apple toward the soldier, who caught it dexterously.

"You'll find his excellency inside," the guard said and Tom soon stood before a handsome man in scarlet uniform who was writing at a camp table in a well-furnished room. The commander of Stony Point paused at sound of Tom's footsteps and gave him a piercing look which extended from head to foot.

"What is it, boy?"

Colonel Johnson's voice was soft and kindly and there was a smile on his



"I hope the Colonel will like your apples."

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face as he spoke, which was reassuring.

"I've brought you some apples, Colonel Johnson," said Tom. "We thought you might be apple hungry——"

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"From below."

"From the neighborhood of Sandy Beach?"

"I'm not far from there, your excellency.

"And pray what is the Rebel Wayne doing?"

"I really can't tell you much about him."

"Is he getting ready to snatch Stony Point from my hands?" and Johnson laughed derisively as he took another bite.

"I hear all sorts of rumors," answered Tom guardedly. "You don't fear General Wayne, your excellency?"

"Why should I, boy? When you have inspected my fort you will know that the Rebel flag can never float over it.

"It looks strong from what I have seen," Tom observed.

"It is impregnable!" was the reply, in proud tones. "If I can't defend it against the whole Rebel army I'll resign my commission."

Tom made no answer to this boast, but selected six of the finest apples in the basket and set them side by side on Colonel Johnson's table.

"You're generous, boy. I don't want to rob you. Here's some pay for your apples."

Tom waved aside the coin which was displayed by the commandant, but it was tossed into the basket with a laugh.

"You look like a good young Tory," smiled Johnson. "Of course you're such?"

"Why shouldn't I be, your excellency?"

Tom tarried a while longer in the room and then withdrew.

"Make the men pay for their apples," said Johnson. "If they try to plunder you, report to me, but you look like a boy capable of taking his own part."

Tom assured Colonel Johnson that he would do the best he could in that direction, and a minute later was on the parade ground. He at once found himself besieged by a lot of soldiers eager for his apples. They went off at a rate that astonished the young spy, and in a few moments his basket was empty and he had a lot of English gold in his pockets.

He found that he was permitted to go where he pleased, and he began to make the most of his luck. He sauntered here and there, keeping his eyes on the alert for anything that came within view.

"You've got a lot of men here," he said to a soldier who had come up.

"Six hundred, sir," was the reply.

"And cannon. I never saw the like."

"Just wait till you've gone the grand rounds. What's your name, lad?"

"Eben Norris."

"From about Sandy Beach?"

"Yes, sir."

'Here comes a man from that locality," and as Tom turned his face nearly went white.

A man was nearing him, and despite the dusk he recognized him as Jacob Cobb, a Tory whom he well knew, and one of the King's new volunteers.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HUNT FOR REUBEN.

Meanwhile events likely to put Tom in the very greatest peril were taking place behind him.

Master Abel Chalk, who had been so unceremoniously ejected from Farmer Timmens' wagon by Mad Anthony's young spy, had had a revelation. At the very moment of his fall he had recognized Tom, but he was so bruised by his tumble that it was some time before his brain again worked normally.

Abel scratched his head as he lay by the roadside, and gradually put this and that together until he could think intelligently.

"It was Tom Hewlett sure enough!" said he to himself. "Whither is he taking those apples? To the fort? He is Rebel to the core, and his mission to Stony Point, if he is really bound thither, means something. I wonder if Reuben knows? Tom is well disguised, and his masking is good enough to hoodwink many people, but that little scar back of his ear, which I saw at the last moment, opened my eyes."

Abel rose to his feet and stood for some minutes in the road gazing in the direction taken by Tom. The light of suspicion gave way to stern belief. It was Tom, sure enough, and he was riding toward Stony Point with evil intentions against the King's cause. Abel was sure of this. In fact, there could be no mistake.

"I've got swift legs," he thought, arguing again with himself. "He won't leave the fort for some time, if he gets in, and I can post Reuben and Tetton Ford meantime."

Goaded by the discovery which he believed he had made, Abel put off down the road with his face turned toward Sandy Beach. He was spry of foot; in truth, the best young sprinter in the neighborhood, and his agile feet spurned the ground as he flitted on. It was not a very long run for him.

His first halt was at Reuben's home, where he eagerly inquired for the head of the Loyal League. But Reuben was not at home. His mother said he had not been seen for some time, but she was not uneasy, for a busy boy in the King's service had much to do, and she intimated that he might be found at the Red Horse Inn, which he frequented to pick up war news and neighborhood gossip.

Refusing to divulge why he was so anxious to find Reuben, Abel darted off again. Escaping the teeth of Tiger, he bolted into the presence of Meg, the keeper of the inn, and surprised her in the taproom with Caleb Post and Tetton Ford.

"What's the matter, Master Chalk?" exclaimed the woman, whose nerves were unhinged for a moment by Abel's sudden appearance. "You come in as though Mad Anthony's legion was at your heels."

"It's not that bad, but bad enough," was the reply, as Abel caught his breath.

"Speak out, then," said Caleb Post. "Has Wayne moved?"

"No, at least not that I know of. I'm afraid a spy has gone to the fort."

"Ha! a Rebel spy?" cried Tetton Ford.

"Yes."

"How do you know, Master Chalk? It seems to me from your looks you have seen a ghost instead of a spy."

"Let the boy talk, Tetton," put in Meg. "He's surely seen something, as you can see."

Abel calmed down a trifle and began to relate his adventure.

"What, Tom Hewlett gone to the fort?" ejaculated Meg. "I wish now I had let Tiger tear him to pieces. But I can't think it," and she turned her gaze upon the two men whose faces wore looks of unbelief.

"Oh," said Caleb Post, "he wouldn't put his head into the lion's mouth that way. I give Tom Hewlett credit for too much sense for a thing of that sort."

"But what was he doing on the wagon with a basket of apples and headed for Stony Point?" exclaimed Abel.

"It looks suspicious," Ford returned. "Where is Reuben?"

"His mother says he hasn't been at home for some time, but told me I'd be likely to find him here."

"He hasn't been here for hours," Meg put in. "He was to have called about noon on a matter of business between us, and he isn't a boy who breaks his word without cause."

"What are you going to do?" and Abel looked at the party of three. "Are you going to let Tom Hewlett have his way without interruption?"

"If I only thought it was he whom you saw——"

"What are my eyes for?" broke in Abel. "Didn't I see the scar by Tom's ear, and there isn't another person hereabouts that has a scar where he has."

"That's pretty convincing, I think," Meg said, with positiveness. "I guess Abel saw Tom all right."

Abel, still smarting under the chastisement he had received on the load of grain, sprang to his feet disgusted.

"I'll find Reuben!" cried he. We'll set the Loyal League upon Tom Hewlett, and there'll be a hanging at Stony Point long before Mad Anthony sets his ragged army in motion."

"You mustn't charge us with being lukewarm in the King's cause," admonished Tetton Ford angrily.

"I don't, but it takes too much evidence to make you move," retorted Abel. "By the time you get your thinking-cap on the deed is done, and the secrets of Stony Point are in Wayne's hands."

"I'd like to have a little more proof," said Post.

Abel flushed hotly.

"I suppose I'd have to bring Tom to you and have him confess before you'd believe!" he cried. "Never mind! Sit here and drink Mistress Meg's beer. I'll do the work. I'll find Reuben, and all the glory shall be ours."

He bolted for the door and was soon on the porch.

Where to find Reuben he did not know. The night had come, and whenever he thought of Tom being within the British fort his blood seemed to run cold through his veins. All at once he nearly collided with a figure in the dark, and the next moment he uttered a cry of joy. It was no other than his friend, Cletus Couch.

"Cletus!" cried Abel, seizing the young Tory's arm. "You're not made of wood, like Tetton Ford and Caleb Post. There's blood in your body. Where is Reuben?"

"That's just what I've been asking myself nearly all day," Cletus answered.

"We must find him. There's treason afoot!"

"What sort of treason?" demanded Cletus, for Abel was talking under stress of excitement, and his words came from him like balls fired from a gun.

"Tom Hewlett has turned spy," was the answer.

"Where is he now?"

"At Stony Point!"

Cletus uttered a cry of am

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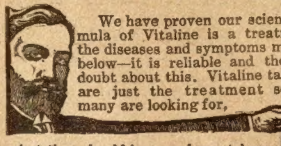

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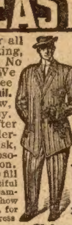

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Alice Hope's house and the subsequent adventure at the Red Horse Inn, and all this seemed to confirm Abel's story.

The two boys at once set off in search of Reuben, who, as the head of the Loyal League, was the proper person to head the hunt for the Rebel spy. They were hastening down a road which traversed the country, when they were suddenly confronted by an old woman who was known in the region as Mad Mary. She was a friendless and harmless creature, a woman who had seen happier days than those which she had lately known, and her gabble was never taken seriously.

Cletus and Abel would have stepped aside to let her pass if she had not blocked their way.

"Ho! my night birds!" she laughed, shaking her long hands in the boys' faces. "It's a pretty pair you are. Why don't you let your fellow bird out of his cage?"

"Just listen to her!" whispered Cletus. "I pity the poor old thing. She never talks sense——"

"I saw his face at the window," interrupted Mad Mary. "He's caged, sure enough. I don't like that bird very much, for he once pushed me out of the road, but since he's of your feather, I think you ought to set him free."

"What can she mean?" Abel exclaimed. "She must be talking about a human being instead of a bird——"

"It's Master Dickey I mean," interjected Mad Mary, with another weird laugh. "He's the bird in the cage. Ha, ha!"

The boys looked at each other with dilated eyes.

"It's Reuben she means!" cried Cletus. "Some one has cooped him up for a purpose."

Then Abel turned to the old hag again. "Where is your caged bird?" he queried.

"Where but where the old coon catcher holds him?" was the startling reply.

"In old Archie's power!" cried Cletus, "and there isn't a bigger Rebel in all the Colonies than he."

"Good!" exclaimed Abel. "We shall find Reuben now. Many thanks, Mary, and may the light of other days come back to you."

"No thanks, my birds," shrilled the old woman. "Get your nestling out of the cage before he breaks his beak off at the bars!"

Mad Mary was left standing in the road, while the boys bolted off, intent on freeing their companion from the grasp of Archie Black. With Reuben at liberty, they would soon unmask Tom, if he had really gone to Stony Point, and they realized that no time was to be lost.

Several miles intervened between them and the old coon hunter's cabin, but they knew every foot of the way. At a certain point they left the road and cut across country in order to shorten the distance. They could not imagine how Reuben had fallen into the old man's power, but at the same time they connected his misfortune with Tom's activity.

At length the cabin came in sight, and they proceeded with caution, for they knew that Archie had several dogs almost as dangerous after night as the giant bull hound that guarded the mistress of the Red Horse Inn. Each boy was armed with a pistol, but they resolved not to use them unless in a case of dire emergency, and in order to protect themselves against the dogs they had secured stout cudgels.

A singular silence brooded about the cabin, which seemed deserted of every living thing.

"Now for Reuben, if he is still here!" whispered Abel. "Look out for the dogs."

They advanced Indian file to the closed door. Not a sound was heard. Cletus put his lips against the wood and called out:

"Reuben! Reuben!"

The dismal echo of his words was all he heard.

CHAPTER IX.

A CLOSE CALL.

When Tom Hewlett perceived Jacob Cobb, the Tory volunteer, approaching him in the British fort, his heart for an instant seemed to miss its pulsations.

What if this man, whom he knew very well, should recognize him?

It was a perilous moment.

"Ho!" cried Jacob, as he came near and centered his gaze upon the young spy, "whom have we here?"

"No one but an apple pedler from below," replied the soldier to whom Tom had been talking.

Tom's only hope lay in the fact that Jacob was near-sighted and was accustomed to draw very near any object he desired to inspect. This he now did, leaning forward and scanning Tom, who maintained a strict silence with a slightly averted face.

The Tory recruit seemed satisfied.

"From below, eh?" he drawled.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy spy.

"How's things down there?"

"Moving along pretty well," and Tom disguised his voice, thinking by this use to put the cap-sheaf upon his little deception.

"We're coming down there some time to give the Rebels a good drubbing," said Jacob. "I want to get my hands on some o' them. No, I don't want any apples," and to Tom's relief the old fellow drew back and soon presented his back to him.

Mad Anthony's spy had not completed his observations, and he concluded to remain in the fort all night for that purpose. One of the men kindly offered to share his bunk with him, but this was getting too familiar for Tom, and he said he was used to sleeping in the woods, and would bunk in the open air till morning.

He saw the guards relieved, and fell into conversation with one of them, from whom he obtained a great deal of information. When at last he said he would retire, a sergeant came running up and informed him that Colonel Johnson would like to see him.

Tom's heart gave a quick leap into his throat at this, but he beat down his rising fears and followed the grenadier.

He found the British Colonel in his quarters.

"I thought you might be gone," said Johnson, upon Tom's appearance. "Let me offer you a bed under my roof. Those apples were so toothsome that I think I ought to offer some return for them."

"I prefer an open-air bed, your excellency," replied the boy.

"Nay, it's better here," persisted the commandant. "Besides, you'll not be annoyed. Take that cot in yon corner. You'll be under guard all night."

Under guard! This was just what Tom didn't desire. It looked too much like suspicion. However, he did not deem it right, under the circumstances, to refuse the offer, and after a few more words with Colonel Johnson, he sought the cot and saw the lights put out in the little room.

He would make another round of the fort in the morning, and then take his departure.

How long he slept soundly he did not know. All at once he found himself sitting up in bed with voices in his ears. He rose and went to the little window which looked out upon the parade ground. The voices seemed to come from that direction.

"You can't see the Colonel," he heard a harsh voice say. "I'm not going to rouse him, and that is the end of the matter."

"But you don't know what important news I have for him," was the reply.

"It can wait," said the sentry.

"If Colonel Johnson knew what is afoot, he would rouse himself at once and give me speech."

Tom could hardly breathe.

The words had gone through him like a knife. Not only this, but he had recognized the voice, and he knew that his old enemy, Reuben Dickey, was outside.

What had happened? Had Archie Black relaxed his vigilance, and had Reuben escaped from his espionage? How had Reuben learned that he (Tom) had entered Stony Point? The queries perplexed and mystified him, and he saw a gallows loom up in the dim distance.

"It is no use," declared the stubborn guard. "You can bunk somewhere till morning, and then the Colonel will see you."

"If I dared tell you all you would rouse him. What if I were to intimate that a spy was now within the fort——"

"A Rebel spy in Stony Point?" laughed the soldier. "Come, now, you are trying to joke Harry Boome. We don't let Rebel spies in here."

"But I can prove to Colonel Johnson—"

"You'll wake him with your gabble!" broke in the guard. "Get away till daylight. He rises with the sun, and then you can pour your story into his ears, provided he will waste time listening to you."

Every word of this startling conversation fell plainly upon Tom's ears. He wondered what the outcome would be.

"Well, if I must go," Reuben said at last, "I'll do it."

"You might go and look for that Yankee spy," derisively retorted the guard.

There was no reply to this and Tom saw a shadowy figure move away. Reuben was gone, but the danger was not yet passed.

"I must leave here," thought the young spy, as the horror of his situation fastened itself upon him. "To remain till morning is death. Reuben has escaped from old Archie's clutches and is on my trail. Colonel Johnson will hear him, and the mask which I have worn will be drawn aside. I must go."

He moved back from the window, but it was not to sleep.

The solemn tread of the guard of the Colonel's quarters fell grimly upon his ear. He thought of a thousand things as he listened, of home and mother, and of the brave Wayne waiting in his camp at Sandy Beach for information which would give Stony Point to him and lift the cloud which had hung so long over the army of freedom.

Suddenly he heard a voice cut the air. It was a sentry calling the hour: "Two o'clock and all's well!"

It was not well with Tom Hewlett.

At length he moved to the door which opened into Colonel Johnson's room. A dim light burned on the little camp table littered with maps, and Tom, with his heart in his throat, moved forward.

Once he looked at the British commander and then stole on. Softly he raised the latch of the door. To his joy the door opened and he closed it noiselessly behind him. As he stepped out-

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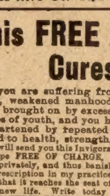

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side, he noticed that the sentry was at the farther end of the beat. His back was turned toward the breathless boy. Tom crouched for a moment in the shadow of the building and eyed the sentry like a hawk.

Overhead the vaulted heavens was brilliant with stars. They gemmed the whole universe, and from the river came a breeze which fanned and cooled his heated cheeks.

Tom knew that his life hung upon a thread as delicate as the spider's film. Discovery meant doom, and he remained in his position for a moment as a thousand thoughts whirled through his brain.

All at once he leaped to his feet. In another moment he was dodging across the parade ground, making for a low place in the parapet which he had already noticed. He had escaped the guard, but what had become of the lynx-eyed Reuben?

A grim cannon looked through its embrasure at the spot selected by Tom, and in another moment he was beside it. He knew that the drop would be considerable, but this did not deter him. Inwardly praying for good luck, he clambered up beside the gun and found himself upon the fringe of the rampart. He looked down over it and calculated the distance.

"Here goes for liberty and Mad Anthony!" he ejaculated, and was about to cast himself downward when he heard a voice behind him and a hand gripped his collar.

"Not so fast, Master Hewlett!" cried a familiar voice. "It's a pretty trick you've played the King."

Tom whirled upon the speaker, and their faces almost touched.

"Unhand me!" he exclaimed.

"When I have handed you over to Colonel Johnson, not before!" was the retort.

It was his old enemy, Reuben! All thought of escaping without a brush instantly left Tom's mind. Reuben's grip was like a vise, and Tom knew that he would soon lift his voice and rouse the fort.

"You'll unhand me or die, Reuben," he sent straight into the young Tory's teeth, and then with the fury of a young tiger he turned and grappled with his captor.

Both boys rolled from the parapet and fell struggling beside the gun. It was a battle for the mastery, and one which was almost sure to rouse a part of the garrison.

"Old Archie couldn't keep me back," Reuben spluttered. "It was a neat trick, but I got out of his power, and here I am to hang you, Tom Hewlett."

Tom made no reply to those words, but battled on.

Once Reuben, who was a good wrestler, had him on his back, but Tom turned the tables on him and got uppermost. If he could only get a grip on Reuben's throat, he would enhance his own chances of liberty. Reuben feared this and baffled Tom every time.

"What's that racket over there?" suddenly bawled a voice from direction of the commandant's quarters.

"You shall not tell them!" hissed the desperate Tom, as his hand found the long-sought spot.

Reuben gasped under the closing hand of the boy spy. Tom held on in the grimness of despair, bearing Reuben relentlessly against the hard ground.

Victory had come at the last moment. Tom rose and looked at the silent form lying against the rampart. Some one was running forward across the parade ground. The figure of a giant grenadier loomed up against the starry sky. Tom looked but once, and sprang to the top of the parapet.

The following moment he lowered himself alongside the wall and then loosened his grip. The next second he had struck solid ground and bowled forward. A musket flashed above him. A ball whizzed past his head, but he set his teeth hard and was off like a deer.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

* * *

Kites in Japan.

In Japan there is an annual feast day for boys, when each house that is the proud possessor of male children hangs out strings of paper carp, which, inflated by the breeze, become most lifelike monster fish. It was on this feast day that we left Yokohama for Kamakura, once the eastern capital of Japan, now merely a quiet little seaside village, Mrs. Ellen Beadnell writes in the Wide World. As it was such an important occasion, the whole world made holiday; some families sauntered along the village street in festive attire, "mere man" strutting conceitedly in front, while his dear little womankind shuffled along behind, chattering merrily and half hidden under immense umbrellas; others, again, hurried to the seashore to fly their enormous humming kites, from which the parents appeared to derive quite as much enjoyment as the children. The loud hum emitted by the soaring kite is caused by a piece of thin bamboo, which is stretched tightly across from shoulder to shoulder. This taut bamboo filament not only acts as an Aeolian harp, but bends the whole kite so that its surface is concave instead of being as in our kites, a plane. The noise, when some three score or so of these monsters are in the air at the same time, is deafening. The Japanese kite has no tail, but is furnished with numerous long streamers. Great competitions are held by the owners of the kites, and occasionally a mimic battle will be fought in the air, the rival factions endeavoring, by means of powdered glass which has been previously worked into a definite length of the kite strings, to saw through a rival's string, and so bring the vanquished kite tumbling to the ground.

* * *

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FOR XMAS GIVE

A Year's Subscription to

The Chicago Ledger

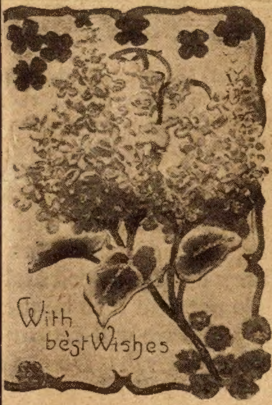
SOMETHING new. Lots of the presents you get every year you don't want and you soon throw them away. Lots of your friends feel the same way. But, if you should get a subscription to a magazine like the CHICAGO LEDGER that you could enjoy fifty-two times throughout the whole year you would appreciate it.

The Chicago Ledger has arranged so that you do it gracefully and easily for Xmas. It will settle the question of what to give to a good many people.

This is something new and the first time the Chicago Ledger ever made this announcement.

HERE'S WHAT WE DO

We have prepared a beautiful four page Xmas Carol done in three colors and gold, which makes a very attractive Xmas Card. On the third page the following announcement appears neatly printed.



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has directed us to put your name on the subscription list to receive THE CHICAGO LEDGER for one year as a Christmas remembrance, and wishes you all the compliments of the season.

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
Publishers, Chicago.

In the line at the top of the announcement we insert your name and this beautiful Xmas Carol is sent to the party you wish to have the subscription given to so that it will arrive on Xmas Eve or Xmas Day.

If you want to quickly settle your list of Xmas presents just sit down and write us a letter, giving us a list of those you want the Ledger and the Xmas Carol sent to. Enclose $1.00 for each name (Canada $1.50), and we will send the Xmas Carol with your name on it, together with the first copy of the Ledger, to arrive Xmas Eve or Xmas Day to each person on the list.

We will put each name you send us on the subscription list of the Chicago Ledger for one year, and you will have just that many friends who will be pleased with this very pleasing and sensible Xmas remembrance from you.

Now be sure to write the names and addresses very plainly and send them to us right away.

Put $1.00 in your letter for every person to whom you want to send the year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger and the Xmas Carol, and be sure to address your letter to the Xmas Subscription Department, care Chicago Ledger, 500 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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